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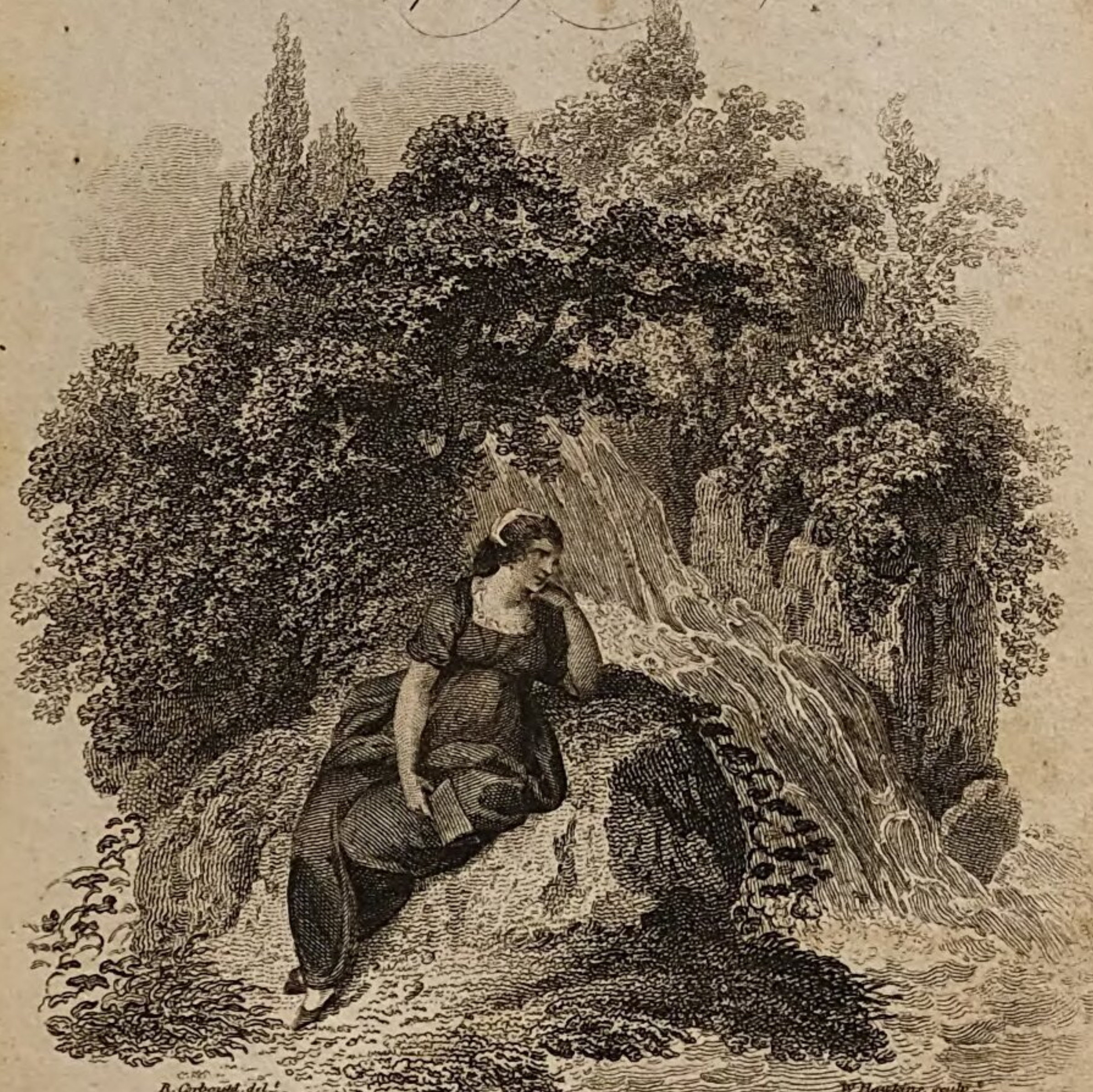


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BROOME.

Printed for C. Cooke, 17 Paternoster Row. Aug. 4. 1796.

BROOME'S WORKS,
 forming part of
 Cooke's Pocket Edition of
 the Original & Complete Works of
 SELECT BRITISH POETS,
 or Entertaining Poetical Library
 containing the
 Poetic Productions
 of the most Esteemed British Bards,
 Superbly Embellished



R. Corbould, del.

W. Hawkins, sculp.

Embellished under the direction of C. Cooke. Aug^r 20. 1796.
 Vide Melancholy an Ode line 5 p. 21.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM BROOME.
WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

.....Nos otia vitæ
Solamur Cantu.

Stat.

Bear me, ye friendly pow'rs! to gentler scenes,
To shady bow'rs and never-fading greens,
Where the shrill trumpet never sounds alarms,
Nor martial din is heard, nor clash of arms---
Here grant me, heav'n! to end my peaceful days,
And steal myself from life by slow decays;
Draw health from food the temp'rate garden yields,
From fruit or herb, the bounty of the fields----
With age unknown to pain or sorrow blest,
To the dark grave retiring as to rest;
While gently with one sigh this mortal frame
Dissolving, turns to ashes, whence it came.

Poem on Seat of War.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London:

Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster-Row:
And sold by all the Booksellers in
Great-Britain and
Ireland.

[1796]

Eigentum
der Stadt Bamberg

Gruppe:

Zahl:



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DR. WILLIAM BROOME.

CONTAINING HIS

PREFACE,
MISCELLANIES,
EPISTLES,
PARAPHRASES,

PASTORALS,
ODES,
IMITATIONS,
TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

Free from the lust of wealth and glittering snares
That make th' unhappy Great in love with cares,
Me humble joys in calm retirement please,
A silent happiness and learned ease.
Deny me grandeur, heaven! but goodness grant:
A king is less illustrious than a saint-----
O heaven! by what vain passions man is sway'd!
Proud of his reason, by his will betray'd,
Boldly he wanders in pursuit of vice.
And hates confinement tho' in Paradise!
Doom'd, when enlarg'd, instead of Eden's bow'rs
To rove in wilds, and gather thorns for flow'rs:
Between th' extremes direct he sees the way,
Yet wilful swerves, perversely fond to stray.

Epistle to Mr. Fenton.

London:
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOKE.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DR. WILLIAM BROOM

EDITED BY

JOHN	ROBERTSON
AND	JOHN
JOHN	JOHN
JOHN	JOHN
JOHN	JOHN

PRINTED BY

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LIFE OF BROOME.

WILLIAM BROOME, the author of the following Poems, was born in Cheshire, but of the time and place of his birth, or the incidents of the early part of his life, no authentic intelligence can be obtained,—further than that he was educated upon the foundation at Eaton, and sent by his friends from thence to St. John's College, Oxford; where, by their assistance, he was maintained till he entered into orders. He had acquired at College the reputation of being an excellent Greek scholar, and discovered such a propensity for versifying, that his intimate acquaintance familiarly called him the Poet; but he evinced very little knowledge of men and manners, till by entering into social life, he shook off the rust of the schools.

The first work of importance which he undertook, was a prose translation of Homer's Iliad, in conjunction with Ozell and Oldisworth, but what part of the version was allotted to him, or what benefit accrued from the joint labours of the translators is not known, though, in the opinion of Toland, a literary character of eminence in that day, it was held superior to the production of Pope.

Broome was afterwards introduced at Sir John Cotton's, at Madingly in Cambridgeshire, to the acquaintance of Pope, who entertained so high an opinion of his abilities, that he engaged him to select extracts from Eustathius, for notes to the translation of the Iliad; and in the volume of Poems published un-

der the title of "Pope's Miscellanies," several of his early pieces was inserted.

But Pope and Broome were to be yet more closely connected; for the sale of the *Iliad* being very rapid, it gave encouragement to a version of the *Odyssey*; and Pope, to ease himself of the toil, obtained the assistance of Fenton and Broome,* and taking only half the work upon himself, divided the other half between his coadjutors, gave four books to Fenton and eight to Broome. Fenton's books we have enumerated in his life; the second, sixth, eighth, eleventh, twelfth, sixteenth, eighteenth, and twenty-third, fell to the lot of Broome, together with the burden of writing all the notes.† The associates executed their parts with such ability, that even the judges of Poetry have never been able to distinguish their books from those of Pope.

Dr. Johnson remarks, that as this translation is a very important event in poetical history, the reader has a right to know upon what grounds the narration respecting the translation of the *Odyssey*, being the joint work of Pope, Broome, and Fenton, is established; and therefore makes the following observations:

"That the version was not wholly Pope's was always known. He had mentioned the assistance of two friends in his proposals; and at the end of the work some account is given by Broome of their different parts; which, however, mentions only five books as

* Ruffhead relates that Fenton and Broome had already begun *The Odyssey*, but that Pope liked better to have them confederates than rivals.

† The original copy of Pope's and Fenton's books are in the Museum. Fenton's books have few alterations by Pope. Broome's have not been found; but it is said Pope complained of the trouble he had in correcting them.

written by the coadjutors ; the fourth and twentieth by Fenton ; the sixth, the eleventh, and the eighteenth by himself ; that Pope in an advertisement prefixed afterwards to a new volume of his works, claimed only twelve. A natural curiosity," continues the Doctor, "after the real conduct of so great an undertaking, incited me to inquire of Dr. Warburton, who told me in his warm language, that the relation given in the note was 'a lie,' but he was not able to ascertain the several shares. The intelligence which Dr. Warburton could not afford me, I obtained from Mr. Langton, to whom Mr. Spence had imparted it.

"The price at which Pope purchased this assistance was three hundred pounds paid to Fenton, and five hundred to Broome, with as many copies for his friends as amounted to one hundred pounds more. The payment made to Fenton I know not, but by hearsay. Broome's is very distinctly told by Pope in a note to the Dunciad.* It is evident, that according to Pope's own estimate, Broome was unkindly treated. If four books could merit three hundred pounds, eight books and all the notes, equivalent at least to four, had certainly a right to more than six.

"Broome probably considered himself as injured, and there was for some time more than coldness between him and his employer. He always spoke of Pope as too much a lover of money ; and Pope pursued him with avowed hostility, for he not only named

* Whoever imagines this a sarcasm on the other ingenious person (Mr. Broome) is surely mistaken: the opinion our Author had of him was sufficiently shewn by his joining him in the undertaking of *The Odyssey*, in which Mr. Broome, having engaged without any previous agreement, discharged his part so much to Mr. Pope's satisfaction, that he gratified him with the full sum of 500*l.* and a present of all the books for which his own interest could procure him subscribers, to the value of 100*l.* more.

him disrespectfully in the 'Dunciad,' but quoted him more than once in the 'Bathos,' as a proficient in the 'Art of Sinking;' and in his enumeration of the different kinds of Poets distinguished for the profound, he reckons Broome among 'the parrots who repeat another's words in such a hoarse, odd tone, as makes them seem their own.' I have been told," says the Doctor, "that they were afterwards reconciled: but I am afraid their peace was without friendship."

In 1727 he published his Miscellaneous Poems, with a dedication to Lord Townshend, dated January 16, 1726, being at that time Rector of Sturston in Suffolk, where he married a wealthy widow, a circumstance that enabled him to take the degree of doctor of laws, when the King visited Cambridge in 1728.

In 1733, he was presented by the Crown to the Rectory of Pulham, in Norfolk, which he held with Oakley Magna, in Suffolk, given him by Lord Cornwallis, to whom he was chaplain, and who added the Vicarage of Eye in Suffolk; he then resigned Pulham, and retained the other two. Towards the close of his life, he amused himself with translating some Odes of Anacreon, which were published in the Gentleman's Magazine, under the signature of "*Chester*."

He died at Bath, November 16, 1745, and was interred in the Abbey Church.

The character of Broome was amiable and respectable, though he never rose to a very high dignity in the church. At college he was universally beloved; and in more advanced life he was distinguished by his exemplary observance of the social and domestic duties,

and his piety and diligence in the exercise of his clerical functions. He is mentioned by the author of the "Sacred and Prophane History Connected," under the title of "the ingenious annotator on the English Homer, whose real worth, as well as learning, makes it a pleasure to me," says the author, "to say that I can call him my friend." As a poet, his compositions are characterised by correctness of judgment, elegance of diction, and harmony of numbers, rather than by force of genius, or liveliness of fancy, though they are not destitute of either. His translations possess much merit, as they are smooth, classical, and spirited, and most of his original pieces are entitled to approbation, either for the ideas they communicate, or the language in which they are expressed. Dr. Warton thinks that the books he translated for Pope, in the *Odyssey*, are inferior to those of Fenton; but notwithstanding the opinion of that critic, it is to be observed, that the judges of poetry have never been able to distinguish his books from those of Fenton and Pope.

"Of Broome," says Dr. Johnson, "though it cannot be said that he was a great poet, it would be unjust to deny that he was an excellent versifier; his lines are smooth and sonorous, and his diction is select and elegant. His rhymes are sometimes unfuitable, as in one of his poems he makes *breath* rhyme to *birth* in one place and to *earth* in another. Those faults occur but seldom; and he had such powers of words and numbers as fitted him for translation; but in his original works recollection seems to have been his business more than invention. His imitations are so apparent, that it is part of his reader's employment to recal the verses of

some former poet. Sometimes he copies the most popular writers, for he seems scarcely to endeavour at concealment, and sometimes picks up fragments in obscure corners. His lines to Fenton,

“Serene, the sting of pain thy thoughts beguile,
“And make afflictions objects of a smile.”

brought to my mind some lines on the death of Queen Mary, written by Barnes, of whom I should not have expected to find an imitator;

“But thou, O Muse, whose sweet nepenthean tongue
“Can charm the pangs of death with deathless song;
“Canst *stinging plagues* with *easy thoughts* beguile,
“*Make pains and tortures objects of a smile.*”

“To detect his imitations were tedious and useless, what he takes he seldom makes worse, and he cannot be thought a weak man whom Pope chose for an associate, and whose co-operation was considered by Pope’s enemies as so important, that he was attacked by Henley with this ludicrous distich,

“Pope came off clean with Homer, but they say
“Broome went before, and kindly swept the way.”



DEDICATION.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES LORD VISCOUNT TOWNSHEND,

Late one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, and Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

MY LORD,

I BEG leave to publish the following poems under your patronage: a present, I confess, unworthy of it, and of little value, excepting what gratitude gives it: but, I fear, it may be esteemed a boast rather than an acknowledgment, or at best an ostentatious kind of gratitude, to tell the world that I have received the highest obligations from the Lord Townshend: it is an honour to be regarded by a person of so distinguished a character: I am proud of it, and, not being of a nature to be content with a silent gratitude, am not deterred from owning it, though it be liable to be miscalled vanity.

You have, my Lord, the happiness to enjoy what that great statesman Walsingham, who held the same office which you fill with so much honour, frequently wished, but never obtained: a retirement from business in the declension of life, to enjoy age in peace and tranquillity: this last action speaks you truly great; for that person who by a voluntary retreat, could industriously renounce all the grandeur of the world, must evidently have a soul above it.

Tully in his Tusculum was never more happy, than the Lord Townshend in his Rainham:

“----- Where majestically plain
“ Pure nature reigns where varied views from views
“ Diffusive prospects yield *: here shagg'd with woods,
“ Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks,
“ And all the gay horizon smiles around
“ Full of thy genius! Lo! between yon groves
“ The dome with easy grandeur, like the soul
“ Of its great master, rising overlooks
“ The subject regions, and commands the charms
“ Of many a pleasing landscape to the eye
“ Delightful change! here groves of lofliest shade
“ Wave their proud tops, and form of stateliest view
“ A sylvan theatre! while nature's hand
“ Pours forth profuse, o'er hill, o'er vale, o'er lawn,
“ Her choicest blessings: see! where yonder lake
“ Spreads its wide liquid plain: now stands unmoved,
“ Pure as th' expanse of heaven, and heaven reflects
“ From its broad glittering mirror; now with waves

* See Mr. Thomson's excellent poems.

"Curl'd gently by the breeze, salutes the flowers
 "That grace its banks ! in state the snowy swans
 "Arch their proud necks, and fowls of various plume
 "Innumerable, native or exotic, cleave
 "The dancing wave ! while o'er the adjoining lawns
 "Obverted to the southern suns, the deer
 "Wide spreading graze, or starting bound away
 "In crowds, then turning, silent stand and gaze !
 "Such are thy beauties Rainham, such the haunts
 "Of angels in primæval guiltless days,
 "When man imparadis'd convers'd with God."

This, my Lord, is but a faint picture of the place of your retirement, which no one ever enjoyed more elegantly : no part of your life lies heavy upon you ; there is no uneasy vacancy in it ; it is all filled up with study, exercise, or polite amusement : here you shine in the most agreeable, though not most strong and dazzling light : in your public station you commanded admiration and honour ; in your private, you attract love and esteem : the nobler parts of your life will be the subject of the historian ; and the actions of the great statesman and patriot will adorn many pages of our future annals : but the affectionate father, the indulgent master, the condescending and benevolent friend, patron, and companion, can only be described by those who have the pleasure and happiness to see you act in all those relations : I could with delight enlarge upon this amiable part of your character ; but am sensible that no portion of your time is so ill spent as in reading what I write. I will therefore only beg the honour to subscribe myself,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obliged,

And most obedient servant,

Pulham in Norfolk, 1739.

WILLIAM BROOME.



PREFACE.

I AM very sensible that many hard circumstances attend all authors : if they write ill, they are sure to be used with contempt ; if well, too often with envy. Some men, even while they improve themselves with the sentiments of others, rail at their benefactors, and while they gather the fruit, tear the tree that bore it. I must confess, that mere idleness induced me to write ; and the hopes of entertaining a few idle men, to publish. I am not so vain as not to think there are many faults in the ensuing poems ; all human works must fall short of perfection ; and therefore to acknowledge it, is no humility : however, I am not like those authors, who, out of a false modesty, complain of the imperfections of their own works, yet would take it very ill if the world should believe them : I will not add hypocrisy to my other faults, or act so absurdly as to invite the reader to an entertainment, and then tell him that there is nothing worth his eating ; I have furnished out the table according to my best abilities, if not with a splendid elegance, yet at least with an innocent variety.

But since this is the last time that I shall ever, perhaps, trouble the world in this kind, I will beg leave to speak something not as a poet, but a critic ; that if my credit should fail as a poet, I may have recourse to my remarks upon Homer, and be pardoned for my industry as the annotator in part upon the Iliad, and entirely upon the Odyssey.

I will therefore offer a few things upon criticism in general, a study very necessary, but fallen into contempt through the abuse of it. At the restoration of learning, it was particularly necessary ; authors had been long buried in obscurity, and consequently had contracted some rust through the ignorance and barbarism of preceding ages : it was therefore very requisite that they should be polished by a critical hand, and

restored to their original purity : in this consists the office of critics ; but, instead of making copies agreeable to the manuscripts, they have long inserted their own conjectures ; and from this license arise most of the various readings, the burdens of modern editions ; whereas books are like pictures, they may be new varnished, but not a feature is to be altered ; and every stroke that is thus added, destroys in some degree the resemblance, and the original is no longer an Homer or a Virgil, but a mere ideal person, the creature of the editor's fancy. Whoever deviates from this rule, does not correct, but corrupt his author : and therefore, since most books worth reading have now good impressions, it is a folly to devote too much time to this branch of criticism ; it is ridiculous to make it the supreme business of life to repair the ruins of a decayed word, to trouble the world with vain niceties about a letter, or a syllable, or the transposition of a phrase, when the present reading is sufficiently intelligible. These learned triflers are mere weederers of an author ; they collect the weeds for their own use, and permit others to gather the herbs and flowers : it would be of more advantage to mankind, when once an author is faithfully published, to turn our thoughts from the words to the sentiments, and make them more easy and intelligible. A skill in verbal criticism is in reality but a skill in guessing, and consequently he is the best critic who guesses best : a mighty attainment ! and yet with what pomp is a trivial alteration ushered into the world ! Such writers are like Caligula, who raised a mighty army, and alarmed the whole world, and then led it to gather cockle-shells. In short, the question is not what the author might have said, but what he has actually said ; it is not whether a different word will agree with the sense, and turn of the period, but whether it was used by the author ; if it was, it has a good title still to maintain its post, and the authority of the manuscript ought to be followed rather than the fancy of the editor : for can a modern

be a better judge of the language of the purest of the ancients, than those ancients who wrote it in the greatest purity? or if he could, was ever any author so happy as always to choose the proper word? Experience shows the impossibility. Besides, of what use is verbal criticism when once we have a faithful edition? it embarrasses the reader instead of giving new light and hinders his proficiency by engrossing his time; and calling off the attention from the author to the editor; it increases the expence of books, and makes us pay an high price for trifles, and often for absurdities. I will only add, with Sir Henry Saville, that various lections are now grown so voluminous, that we begin to value the first editions of books as most correct, because least corrected.

There are other critics who think themselves obliged to see no imperfections in their author: from the moment they undertake his cause, they look upon him as a lover upon his mistress; he has no faults, or his very faults improve into beauties: this, indeed, is a well-natured error, but still blameable, because it misguides the judgment. Such critics act no less erroneously, than a judge who should resolve to acquit a person, whether innocent or guilty, who comes before him upon his trial. It is frequent for the partial critic to praise the work as he likes the author; he admires a book as an antiquary a medal, solely from the impression of the name, and not from the intrinsic value: the copper of a favourite writer shall be more esteemed than the finest gold of a less acceptable author: for this reason many persons have chosen to publish their works without a name, and by this method, like Apelles, who stood unseen behind his own Venus, have received a praise, which perhaps might have been denied if the author had been visible.

But there are other critics who act a contrary part, and condemn all as criminals whom they try: they dwell only on the faults of an author, and endeavour

to raise a reputation by dispraising every thing that other men praise ; they have an antipathy to a shining character, like some animals, that hate the sun only because of its brightness : it is a crime with them to excel : they are a kind of Tartars in learning, who, seeing a person of distinguished qualifications, immediately endeavour to kill him, in hopes to attain just so much merit as they destroy in their adversary. I never look into one of these critics but he puts me in mind of a giant in romance : the glory of the giant consists in the number of the limbs of men whom he has destroyed ; that of the critic in viewing

“ -----Disjecti membra Poetæ.”

HOR.

If ever he accidentally deviates into praise, he does it that his ensuing blame may fall with the greater weight ; he adorns an author with a few flowers, as the ancients those victims which they were ready to sacrifice : he studies criticism as if it extended only to dispraise ; a practice, which, when most successful, is least desirable. A painter might justly be thought to have a perverse imagination, who should delight only to draw the deformities and distortions of human nature, which, when executed by the most masterly hand, strike the beholder with most horror. It is usual with envious critics to attack the writings of others, because they are good ; they constantly prey upon the fairest fruits, and hope to spread their own works by uniting them with those of their adversary. But this is like Mezentius in Virgil, to join a dead carcase to a living body ; and the only effect of it, to fill every well-natured mind with detestation : their malice becomes impotent, and, contrary to their design, they give a testimony of their enemy's merit, and show him to be an hero by turning all their weapons against him : such critics are like dead coals ; they may blacken, but cannot burn. These writers bring to my memory a passage in the Iliad, where all the inferior powers, the Plebs Superûm, or rabble of the sky, are fancied

to unite their endeavours to pull Jupiter down to the earth: but by the attempt they only betray their own inability; Jupiter is still Jupiter, and by their unavailing efforts they manifest his superiority.

Modesty is essential to true criticism: no man has a title to be a dictator in knowledge, and the sense of our own infirmities ought to teach us to treat others with humanity. The envious critic ought to consider, that if the authors be dead whom he censures, it is inhumanity to trample upon their ashes with insolence; that it is cruelty to summon, implead, and condemn them with rigour and animosity, when they are not in a capacity to answer his unjust allegations: If the authors be alive, the common laws of society oblige us not to commit any outrage against another's reputation; we ought modestly to convince, not injuriously insult; and contend for truth, not victory: and yet the envious critic is like the tyrants of old, who thought it not enough to conquer, unless their enemies were made a public spectacle, and dragged in triumph at their chariot wheels: but what is such a triumph but a barbarous insult over the calamities of their fellow creatures? the noise of a day, purchased with the misery of nations? However, I would not be thought to be pleading for an exemption from criticism; I would only have it circumscribed within the rules of candour and humanity: writers may be told of their errors, provided it be with the decency and tenderness of a friend, not the malice and passion of an enemy: boys may be whipped into sense, but men are to be guided with reason.

If we grant the malicious critic all that he claims, and allow him to have proved his adversary's dulness, and his own acuteness, yet, as long as there is virtue in the world, modest dulness will be preferable to learned arrogance: Dulness may be a misfortune, but arrogance is a crime; and where is the mighty advantage, if, while he discovers more learning, he is found to have less virtue than his adversary? and, though he

be a better critic, yet proves himself to be a worse man? Besides, no one is to be envied the skill in finding such faults as others are so dull as to mistake for beauties. What advantage is such a quicksightedness even to the possessors of it? It makes them difficult to be pleased, and gives them pain, while others receive a pleasure: they resemble the second-sighted people in Scotland, who are fabled to see more than other persons; but all the benefit they reap from this privilege, is to discover objects of horror, ghosts, and apparitions.

But it is time to end, though I have too much reason to enlarge the argument for candour in criticism, through a consciousness of my own deficiency: I have in reality been pleading my own cause, that if I appear too guilty to obtain a pardon, I may find so much mercy from my judges, as to be condemned to suffer without inhumanity: But whatever be the fate of these works, they have proved of use to me, and been an agreeable amusement in a constant solitude. Providence has been pleased to lead me out of the great roads of life, in a private path: where, though we have leisure to choose the smoothest way, yet we are all sure to meet many obstacles in the journey: I have found poetry an innocent companion, and support from the fatigues of it; how long, or how short, the future stages of it are to be, as it is uncertain, so it is a folly to be over-solicitous about it; he that lives the longest, has but the small privilege of creeping more leisurely than others to his grave; what we call living, is in reality but a longer time of dying: and if these verses prove as short-lived as their author, it is a loss not worth regretting; they only die, as they were born, in obscurity.



MISCELLANIES.

A POEM

ON THE SEAT OF WAR IN FLANDERS,

CHIEFLY WITH RELATION TO THE SIEGES :

WITH THE PRAISE OF PEACE AND RETIREMENT.

WRITTEN IN 1710.

Humbly inscribed to John Holt, Esq. of Redgrave-Hall in Suffolk.

Secessus mei non desidiæ nomen, sed tranquillitatis accipiant. PLIN.

HAPPY, thou Flandria ! on whose fertile plains
In wanton pride luxurious Plenty reigns ;
Happy had Heav'n bestow'd one blessing more,
And plac'd thee distant from the Gallic power :
But now in vain thy lawns attract the view, 5
They but invite the victor to subdue :
War, horrid War ! the sylvan scene invades,
And angry trumpets pierce the woodland shades.
Here shatter'd tow'rs, proud works of many an age,
Lie dreadful monuments of human rage ; 10
There palaces and hallow'd domes display
Majestic ruins awful in decay !
The very dust, tho' undistinguish'd trod,
Compos'd perhaps some hero great and good,
Who nobly for his country lost his blood. 15
Ev'n with the grave, the haughty spoilers war,
And Death's dark mansions wide disclose to air ;
O'er kings and saints insulting stalk, nor dread
To spurn the ashes of the glorious dead.
See the Britannic Lions wave in air ! 20
See mighty Marlborough breathing death and war !
From Albion's shores at Anna's high commands
The dauntless hero pours his martial bands ;
As when in wrath stern Mars the Thund'rer sends
To scourge his foes, in pomp the god descends, 25
He mounts his iron car, with fury burns,
The car fierce-rattling thunders as it turns ;
Gloomy he grasps his adamantine shield,
Ad scatters armies o'er th' ensanguin'd field :

With delegated wrath thus Marlborough glows, 30
In vengeance rushing on his country's foes.

See round the hostile towers embattled stands
His banner'd host, embody'd bands by bands !
Hark ! the shrill trumpet sends a mortal sound,
And prancing horses shake the solid ground ; 35
The furly drums beat terrible afar

With all the dreadful music of the war :
From the drawn swords effulgent flames arise,
Flash o'er the plains, and lighten to the skies ;
The heaven's above, the fields and floods beneath, 40
Glare formidably bright, and shine with death ;

In fiery storms descends a murd'rous show'r,
Thick flash the lightnings, fierce the thunders roar :
As when in wrathful mood Almighty Jove
Aims his dire bolts red-hissing from above, 45

Thro' the sing'd air with unresisted sway
The forked vengeance rends its flaming way,
And while the firmament with thunder roars,
From their foundations hurls imperial towers ;
So rush the globes with many a fiery round, 50

Tear up the rock, or rend the steadfast mound ;
Death shakes aloft her dart, and o'er her prey
Stalks with dire joy, and marks in blood her way ;
Mountains of heroes slain deform the ground,
The shape of man half bury'd in the wound. 55

And lo ! while in the shock of war they close,
While swords meet swords and foes encounter foes,
The treach'rous earth beneath their footsteps cleaves,
Her entrails tremble, and her bosom heaves ;
Sudden in bursts of fire eruptions rise, 60
And whirl the torn battalions to the skies. [sound,

Thus earthquakes, rumbling with a thund'ring
Shake the firm world, and rend the cleaving ground ;
Rocks, hills, and groves, are tost into the sky,
And in one mighty ruin nations die. 65

See, thro' th' incumber'd air the pond'rous bomb
Bears magazines of death within its womb !
The glowing orb displays a blazing train,
And darts bright horror thro' th' ethereal plain ;

It mounts tempestuous, and with hideous sound* 70
 Wheels down the heavens, and thunders o'er the ground!
 Th' imprison'd deaths rush dreadful in a blaze,
 And mow a thousand lives a thousand ways;
 Earth floats with blood, while spreading flames arise†
 From palaces and domes, and kindle half the skies. 75

Thus terribly in air the comets roll,
 And shoot malignant gleams from pole to pole:
 'Tween worlds and worlds they move, and from their
 Shake the blue plague, the pestilence, and war. [hair

But who is he who stern bestrides the plain, 80
 Who drives triumphant o'er huge hills of slain,
 Serene, while engines from the hostile tow'r
 Rain from their brazen mouths an iron show'r,
 While turbid fiery smoke obscures the day,
 Hews thro' the deathful breach his desp'rate way?
 Sure Jove descending joins the martial toil! 86
 Or is it Marlb'rough or the great Argyle?

Thus when the Grecians, furious to destroy,
 Levell'd the structures of imperial Troy,
 Here angry Neptune‡ hurl'd his vengeful mace, 90
 There Jove o'erturn'd it from its inmost base;
 Tho' brave, yet vanquish'd, she confess'd the odds:
 Her sons were heroes, but they fought with gods.

Ah! what new horrors rise? in deep array
 The squadrons form; aloft the standards play; 95
 The captains draw the sword; on ev'ry brow
 Determin'd Valour lours; the trumpets blow.
 See! the brave Briton delves the cavern'd ground
 Thro' the hard entrails of the stubborn mound,
 And, undismay'd by death, the foe invades 100
 Thro' dreadful horrors of infernal shades!
 In vain the wall's broad base deep-rooted lies;
 In vain an hundred turrets threat the skies!

VARIATIONS.

- * Ev'n the stern souls of heroes feel dismay,
 Proud temples nod, aspiring towers give way;
 Dreadful it mounts, tempest'ous in its flight;
 It sinks, it falls; earth groans beneath its weight!
 Th' imprison'd deaths rush out in smoke and fire;
 The mighty bleed; heaps crush'd on heaps expire!
 † The barriers burst, wide-spreading flames arise.
 ‡ Neptunus muros, magnoq; emota tridenti
 Fundamenta quatit, &c, *Virg. Æn.*

Lo! while at ease the bands immur'd repose,
 Nor careless dream of subterranean foes, 105
 Like the Cadmæan host, embattled swarms
 Start from the earth, and clash their sounding arms,
 And, pouring war and slaughter from beneath,
 Wrap tow'rs, walls, men, in fire, in blood, in death!

So some fam'd torrent dives within the caves 110
 Of op'ning earth, ingulf'd with all his waves :
 High o'er the latent stream the shepherd feeds
 His wand'ring flock, and tunes the sprightly reeds,
 Till from some rifted chasm the billows rise,
 And foaming burst tumultuous to the skies ; 115
 Then roaring dreadful o'er the delug'd plain,
 Sweep herds and hinds in thunder to the main.

Bear me, ye friendly Pow'rs ! to gentler scenes,
 To shady bow'rs and never-fading-greens,
 Where the shrill trumpet never sounds alarms, 120
 Nor martial din is heard nor clash of arms.
 Hail, ye soft seats ! ye limpid springs and floods !
 Ye flow'ry meads ! ye vales ! and mazy woods !
 Ye limpid floods ! that ever murm'ring flow,
 Ye verdant meads ! where flow'rs eternal blow, 125
 Ye shady vales ! where zephyrs ever play,
 Ye woods ! where little warblers tune their lay.

Here grant me, Heav'n ! to end my peaceful days,
 And steal myself from life by slow decays ;
 Draw health from food the temp'rate garden yields,
 From fruit or herb, the bounty of the fields ; 131
 Nor let the loaded table groan beneath
 Slain animals, the horrid feast of death :
 With age unknown to pain or sorrow blest,
 To the dark grave retiring as to rest ; 135
 While gently with one sigh this mortal frame
 Dissolving, turns to ashes, whence it came ;
 While my freed soul departs without a groan,
 And joyful wings her flight to worlds unknown.

Ye gloomy grots ! ye awful solemn cells ! 140
 Where holy thoughtful Contemplation dwells,
 Guard me from splendid cares and tiresome state,
 That pompous misery of being great !

Happy if by the wise and learn'd belov'd,
 But happiest above all if self-approv'd ! 145
 Content with ease, ambitious to despise
 Illustrious vanity and glorious vice !
 Come thou, chaste Maid ! here ever let me stray,
 While the calm hours steal unperceiv'd away ;
 Here court the Muses, while the sun on high 150
 Flames in the vault of heaven, and fires the sky ;
 Or while the night's dark wings this globe surround,
 And the pale moon begins her solemn round,
 Bid my free soul to starry orbs repair,
 Those radiant worlds that float in ambient air, 155
 And with a regular confusion stray
 Oblique, direct, along th' aerial way ;
 Or when Aurora from her golden bow'rs
 Exhales the fragrance of the balmy flow'rs,
 Reclin'd in silence on a mossy bed 160
 Consult the learned volumes of the dead ;
 Fall'n realms and empires in description view,
 Live o'er past times, and build whole worlds anew ;
 Or from the bursting tombs in fancy raise
 The sons of Fame, who liv'd in ancient days. 165
 And lo ! with haughty stalk the warrior treads !
 Stern legislators frowning lift their heads !
 I see proud victors in triumphal cars,
 Chiefs, kings, and heroes, seam'd with glorious scars !
 Or listen till the raptur'd soul takes wings, 170
 While Plato reasons, or while Homer sings.

Charm me, ye Sacred Leaves !* with loftier themes,
 With op'ning heavens, and angels rob'd in flames :
 Ye restless passions ! while I read be aw'd :
 Hail, ye mysterious oracles of God ! 175
 Here I behold how infant Time began,
 How the dust mov'd and quicken'd into man ;
 Here thro' the flow'ry walks of Eden rove,
 Court the soft breeze, or range the spicy grove ; 179
 There tread on hallow'd ground where angels trod,
 And rev'rend patriarchs talk'd as friends with God ;

* The Holy Scriptures.

Or hear the voice to slumb'ring prophets giv'n,
Or gaze on visions from the throne of heaven.

But nobler yet, far nobler scenes advance !
Why leap the mountains ? why the forests dance ? 185
Why flashes glory from the golden spheres ?
Rejoice, O Earth ! a God ! a God appears !
A God ! a God ! descending angels sing,
And mighty seraphs shout, Behold your King !
Hail, virgin-born ! Lift, lift ye blind ! your eyes ; 190
Sing, O ye dumb ! and, O ye dead ! arise ;
Tremble, ye gates of hell ! in noblest strains
Tell it aloud, ye heav'ns ! the Saviour reigns !

Thus lonely thoughtful may I run the race
Of transient life in no unuseful ease ! 195
Enjoy each hour, nor, as it fleets away,
Think life too short, and yet too long the day ;
Of right observant, while the soul attends
Each duty, and makes heaven and angels friends.
And thou, fair Peace ! from the wild floods of war 200
Come dove-like, and thy blooming olive bear.
Tell me, ye victors ! what strange charms ye find
In conquest, that destruction of mankind ?
Unenvy'd may your laurels ever grow,
That never flourish but in human woe, 205
If never earth the wreath triumphal bears,
Till drench'd in heroes' blood or orphan's tears !

Let Ganges from afar to slaughter train
His fable warriors on th' embattled plain ;
Let Volga's sons in iron squadrons rise, 210
And pour in millions from her frozen skies ;
Thou, gentle Thames ! flow thou in peaceful streams ;
Bid thy bold sons restrain their martial flames :
In thy own laurels' shade, great Marlborough ! stay,
There charm the thoughts of conquer'd worlds away.
Guardian of England ! born to scourge her foes, 216
Speak, and thy word gives half the world repose.
Sink down ye hills ! eternal rocks subside !
Vanish, ye forts ! thou, Ocean ! drain thy tide ;
We safety boast, defended by thy fame, 220
And armies—in the terror of thy name !

Now fix o'er Anna's throne thy victor blade ;
 War, be thou chain'd ! ye streams of blood, be stay'd !
 Tho' wild Ambition her just vengeance feels,
 She wars to save, and where she strikes she heals. 225
 So Pallas with her javelin smote the ground,
 And peaceful olives flourish from the wound. 227

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A LADY AND HER LOOKING-GLASS,

While she had the Green-sickness.

THE gay Ophelia view'd her face
 In the clear crystal of her glass ;
 The lighting from her eye was fled,
 Her cheek was pale, the roses dead.

Then thus Ophelia with a frown—

“ Art thou, false thing ! perfidious grown ?

“ I never could have thought, I swear,

“ To find so great a slanderer there.

“ False thing ! thy malice I defy ;

“ Beaux vow I'm fair—who never lie.

“ More brittle far than brittle thou

“ Would ev'ry grace of woman grow

“ If charms so great so soon decay,

“ The bright possession of a day !

“ But this I know, and this declare,

“ That thou art false, and I am fair.”

The Glass was vex'd to be bely'd,
 And thus with angry tone reply'd :

“ No more to me of falsehood talk,

“ But leave your oatmeal and your chalk.

“ 'Tis true you're meagre, pale, and wan ;

“ The reason is you're sick for man.”—

While yet it spoke, Ophelia frown'd,
 And dash'd th' offender to the ground :

With fury from her arm it fled,

And round a glitt'ring ruin spread ;

When lo ! the parts pale looks disclose ;

Pale looks in ev'ry fragment rose :

Around the room instead of one

An hundred pale Ophelias shone.

Away the frightened virgin flew,
And humbled, from herself withdrew.

THE MORAL.

Ye beaux ! who tempt the fair and young
With snuff and nonsense, dance and song ;
Ye men of compliment and lace !
Behold this image in the glass ;
The wondrous force of flatt'ry prove
To cheat fond virgins into love :
Tho' pale the cheek, yet swear it glows
With the vermilion of the rose :
Praise them—for praise is always true,
Tho' with both eyes the cheat they view.
From hateful truths the virgin flies,
But the false sex is caught with lies.

35

40

44

POVERTY AND POETRY.

'T WAS sung of old how one Amphion
Could by his verses tame a lion,
And by his strange enchanting tunes
Make bears or wolves dance rigadoons.
His songs could call the timber down,
And form it into house or town ;
But it is plain that in these times
No house is rais'd by poet's rhymes ;
They for themselves can only rear
A few wild castles in the air :
Poor are the brethren of the bays,
Down from high strains to ekes and ayes.
The Muses too are virgins yet,
And may be—till they portions get.

5

10

Yet still the doating rhymers dream,
And sing of Helicon's bright streams ;
But Helicon, for all his clatter,
Yields only uninspiring water.
Yet ev'n athirst he sweetly sings
Of nectar and Elysian springs.

15

20

What dire malignant planet sheds,
Ye bards ! his influence on your heads ?

Lawyers, by endless controversies,
 Consume unthinking clients' purses :
 As Pharaoh's kine, which strange and odd is,
 Devour'd the plump and well-fed bodies.

25

The grave physician, who by physic,
 Like Death, dispatches him that is sick,
 Pursues a sure and thriving trade ;
 Tho' patients die the doctor's paid :
 Licens'd to kill, he gains a palace,
 For what another mounts the gallows.

30

In shady groves the Muses stray,
 And love in flow'ry meads to play ;
 An idle crew ! whose only trade is
 To shine in trifles, like our ladies ;
 In dressing, dancing, toying, singing,
 While wiser Pallas thrives by spinning :
 Thus they gain nothing to bequeath
 Their vot'ries, but a laurel wreath.

35

40

But Love rewards the bard : the fair
 Attend his song and ease his care.
 Alas ! fond youth ! your plea you urge ill
 Without a jointure, tho' a Virgil.
 Could you like Phœbus sing, in vain
 You nobly swell the lofty strain :
 Coy Daphne flies ; and you will find as
 Hard hearts as her's in your Belinda's.

45

But then some say you purchase fame,
 And gain that envy'd prize, a name :
 Great recompense ! like his who sells
 A diamond for beads and bells.
 Will fame be thought sufficient bail
 To keep the poet from the jail ?

50

Thus the brave soldier in the wars
 Gets empty praise and aking scars ;
 Is paid with fame and wooden legs,
 And, starv'd, the glorious vagrant begs.

55

5

THE COMPLAINT.

CÆLIA TO DAMON.

I WHO was once the glory of the plain,
 The fairest virgin of the virgin train,
 Am now (by thee, O faithless man ! betray'd)
 A fall'n, a lost, a miserable maid !
 Ye winds ! that witness to my deep despair, 5
 Receive my sighs, and waft them thro' the air,
 And gently breathe them to my Damon's ear !
 Curs'd, ever curs'd, be that unlucky day
 When trembling, sighing, at my feet he lay !
 I trembled, sigh'd, and look'd my heart away. 10
 Why was he form'd ye Pow'rs ! his sex's pride,
 Too false to love, too fair to be deny'd ?
 Ye heedless virgins ! gaze not on his eyes ;
 Lovely they are, but she that gazes dies !
 O fly his voice, be deaf to all he says ! 15
 Charms has his voice, but charming it betrays !
 At ev'ry word, each motion of his eye,
 A thousand loves are born, a thousand lovers die.
 Say, gentle youths ! ye blest'd Arcadian swains,
 Inhabitants of these delightful plains, 20
 Say by what fountain, in what rosy bow'r,
 Reclines my charmer in the noontide hour ?
 To you, dear fugitive ! where'er you stray,
 Wild with despair, impatient of delay,
 Swift on the wings of eager love I fly, 25
 Or send my soul still swifter in a sigh !
 I'd then inform you of your Cælia's cares,
 And try the eloquence of female tears :
 Fearless I'd pass where Desolation reigns,
 Tread the wild waste, or burning Lybian plains ; 30
 Or where the North his furious pinions tries,
 And howling hurricanes embroil the skies !
 Should all the monsters in Getulia bred
 Oppose the passage of a tender maid,
 Dauntless, if Damon calls, his Cælia speeds 35
 Thro' all the monsters that Getulia breeds !

Bold was Bonduca, and her arrows flew
Swift and unerring from the twanging yew :
By love inspir'd, I'll teach the shaft to fly ;
For thee I'd conquer, or at least would die ! 40
If o'er the dreary Caucasus you go,
Or mountains crown'd with everlasting snow,
Where thro' the freezing skies in storms it pours,
And brightens the dull air with shining show'rs ;
Ev'n there with you I could securely rest, 45
And dare all cold but in my Damon's breast.
Or should you dwell beneath the sultry ray
Where rising Phoebus ushers in the day,
There, there I dwell ! Thou, Sun ! exert thy fires ;
Love, mighty Love ! a fiercer flame inspires. 50
Or if, a pilgrim, you would pay your vows
Where Jordan's stream in soft meanders flows,
I'll be a pilgrim, and my vows I'll pay
Where Jordan's streams in soft meanders play.
Joy of my soul ! my ev'ry wish in one ! 55
Why must I love, when loving I'm undone ?
Sweet are the whispers of the waving trees
And murm'ring waters, curling to the breeze ;
Sweet are soft slumbers in the shady bow'rs,
When glowing suns infest the sultry hours : 60
But not the whispers of the waving trees,
Nor murm'ring waters, curling to the breeze ;
Not sweet soft slumbers in the shady bow'rs,
When thou art absent, whom my soul adores !
Come, let us seek some flow'ry fragrant bed ; 65
Come, on thy bosom rest my love-sick head ;
Come, drive thy flocks beneath the shady hills,
Or softly slumber by the murm'ring rills.
Ah ! no ; he flies ; that dear enchanting he
Whose beauty steals my very self from me ! 70
Yet wert thou wont the garland to prepare
To crown with fragrant wreaths thy Cælia's hair ;
When to the lyre she tun'd the vocal lays,
Thy tongue would flatter, and thine eyes speak praise ;
And when smooth-gliding in the dance she mov'd, 75
Ask thy false bosom if it never lov'd ?

And still her eye some little lustre bears,
 If swains speak truth—tho' dimm'd for thee with tears !
 But fade each grace since he no longer sees
 Those charms for whom alone I wish to please ! 80

But whence these sudden sad presaging fears,
 These rising sighs, and whence these flowing tears ?
 Ah ! lest the trumpet's terrible alarms
 Have drawn the lover from his Cælia's charms,
 To try the doubtful field, and shine in azure arms ! 85

Ah ! canst thou bear the labours of the war,
 Bend the tough bow, or dart the pointed spear ?
 Desist, fond youth ! let others glory gain,
 Seek empty honour o'er the surgy main,
 Or sheath'd in horrid arms rush dreadful to the plain.

Thee, shepherd ! thee the pleasurable woods, 91
 The painted meadows and the crystal floods,
 Claim and invite to bless their sweet abodes :

There shady bow'rs and sylvan scenes arise,
 There fountains murmur, and the spring supplies 95
 Flow'rs to delight the smell or charm the eyes.

But mourn, ye sylvan scenes and shady bow'rs !
 Weep all ye fountain's ! Languish all ye flow'rs !
 If in a desert Damon but appear,

To Cælia's eyes a desert is more fair 100
 Than all your charms, when Damon is not there !

Gods ! what soft words, what sweet delusive wiles,
 He boasts ! and oh ! those dear undoing smiles !
 Pleas'd with our ruin to his arms we run :

To be undone by him, who would not be undone ? 105
 Alas ! I rave. Ye swelling torrents ! roll
 Your wat'ry tribute o'er my love-sick soul :

To cool my heart your waves, ye oceans ! bear :
 Oh ! vain are all your waves, for love is there !

But ah ! what sudden thought to frenzy moves 110
 My tortur'd soul ?—Perhaps my Damon loves :
 Some fatal beauty, yielding all her charms,
 Detains the lovely traitor from my arms.

Blast her, ye skies ! let instant vengeance seize
 Those guilty charms, whose crime it is to please ! 115

Damon is mine!—Fond maid! thy fears subdued:
 Am I not jealous, and my charmer true?
 O Heaven! from jealousy my bosom save,
 Cruel as death, insatiate as the grave!

Ye Powers! of all the ills that ever curst 120
 Our sex, sure man, dissembling man! is worst.
 Like forward boys, a while in wanton play,
 He sports with hearts, then throws the toys away:
 With specious wiles weak woman he assails, 124
 He swears, weeps, smiles, he flatters, and prevails;
 Then in a moment, when the maid believes,
 The perjur'd traitor triumphs, scorns, and leaves.
 How oft my Damon swore th' all-seeing sun
 Should change his course, and rivers backward run,
 Ere his fond heart should range, or faithless prove 130
 To the bright object of his steadfast love!
 O! instant change thy course, all-seeing sun!
 Damon is false; ye rivers! backward run.

But die, O wretched Cælia! die. In vain
 Thus to the fields and floods you breathe your pain.
 The tear is fruitless, and the tender sigh, 136
 And life a load.—Forsaken Cælia! die.
 Fly swifter, time! O speed the joyful hour!
 Receive me, grave!—then I shall love no more.
 Ah! wretched maid! so sad a cure to prove; 140
 Ah! wretched maid! to fly to death from love.
 Yet oh! when this poor frame no more shall live,
 Be happy, Damon! may not Damon grieve?
 Ah me! I'm vain: my death cannot appear
 Worth the vast price of but a single tear. 145
 Forlorn, abandon'd, to the rocks I go,
 But they have learn'd new cruelties of you:
 Alone relenting Echo with me mourns,
 And faint with grief she scarce my sighs returns.
 Then Sighs adieu! ye nobler passions rise! 150
 Be wise, fond maid!—but who in love is wise?
 I rage, I rail, the extremes of anger prove;
 Nay, almost hate—then love thee beyond love!
 Pity, kind Heaven! and right an injur'd maid:
 Yet oh! yet spare the dear deceiver's head! 155

If from the fultry suns at noontide hours
 He seeks the covert of the breezy bow'rs,
 Awake, O South ! and where my charmer lies,
 Bid roses bloom, and beds of fragrance rise ;
 Gently, O gently ! round in whispers fly, 160
 Sigh to his sighs, and fan the glowing sky.
 If o'er the waves he cuts the liquid way,
 Be still, ye waves ! or round his vessel play.
 And you, ye winds ! confine each ruder breath,
 Lie hush'd in silence, and be calm as death ; 165
 But if he stay detain'd by adverse gales,
 My sighs shall drive the ship, and fill the flagging sails.

ON THE DEATH OF MY DEAR FRIEND
 MR. ELIJAH FENTON, 1730.

..... " Calentem
 " Debita sparges lacryma favillam
 " Vatis amici."

HOR.

AS when the King of Peace and Lord of Love
 Sends down some brighter angel from above,
 Pleas'd with the beauties of the heavenly guest,
 A while we view him in full glory drest :
 But he, impatient from his heaven to stay, 5
 Soon disappears, and wings his airy way :
 So didst thou vanish, eager to appear
 And shine triumphant in thy native sphere.

Yet hadst thou all that virtue can bestow,
 All the good practise, and the learned know, 10
 Such holy rapture as not warms, but fires,
 While the soul seems retiring, or retires :
 Such transports as those saints in vision share,
 Who know not whether they are rapt thro' air,
 Or bring down Heaven to meet them in a pray'r. 15

O early lost ! yet steadfast to survey
 Envy, disease, and death, without dismay ;
 Serene, the sting of pain * thy thoughts beguile,
 And make afflictions, objects of a smile :
 So the fam'd patriarch on his couch of stone 20
 Enjoy'd bright visions from the eternal throne. [please,

Thus wean'd from earth, where pleasure scarce can
 Thy woes but hasten'd thee to heaven and peace ;

* The gout.

As angry winds, when loud the tempest roars,
More swiftly speed the vessel to the shores. 25

O may these lays a lasting lustre shed
O'er thy dark urn, like lamps that grace the dead !
Strong were thy thoughts, yet reason bore the sway ;
Humble, yet learn'd ; tho' innocent, yet gay ;
So pure of heart, that thou might'st safely show 30
Thy inmost bosom to thy basest foe ;
Careless of wealth, thy bliss a calm retreat,
Far from the insults of the scornful great ;
Thence looking with disdain on proudest things,
Thou deemed'st mean the pageantry of kings, 35
Who build their pride on trappings of a throne,
A painted ribband or a glitt'ring stone,
Uselessly bright ! 'Twas thine the soul to raise
To nobler objects, such as angels praise ;
To live to mortals' empty fame a foe, 40
And pity human joy and human woe ;
To view ev'n splendid vice with gen'rous hate ;
In life unblemish'd, and in death sedate ;
Then conscience, shining with a lenient ray,
Dawn'd o'er thy soul, and promis'd endless day. 45
So from the setting orb of Phœbus fly
Beams of calm light, and glitter to the sky.

Where now, O ! where shall I true friendship find
Among the treach'rous race of base mankind ?
Whom, whom consult in all th' uncertain ways 50
Of various life, sincere to blame or praise ?
O friend ! O ! falling in thy strength of years,
Warm from the melting soul receive these tears !
O woods ! O wilds ! O ev'ry bow'ry shade !
So often vocal by his music made, 55
Now other sounds—far other sounds ! return,
And o'er his hearse with all your echoes mourn !—
Yet dare we grieve that soon the paths he trod
To heaven, and left vain man for saints and God ?

Thus in the theatre the scenes unfold 60
A thousand wonders glorious to behold,
And here or there as the machine extends
A hero rises, or a god descends ;

But soon the momentary pleasure flies,
Swift vanishes the god, or hero dies. 65

Where were ye, Muses ! by what fountain side,
What river, sporting when your fav'rite dy'd ?
He knew by verse to chain the headlong floods,
Silence loud winds, or charm attentive woods ;
Nor deign'd but to high themes* to tune the string,
To such as Heaven might hear, and angels sing : 71
Unlike those bards who, uninform'd to play,
Grate on their jarring pipes a flashy lay,
Each line display'd united strength and ease,
Form'd like his manners to instruct and please. 75

So herbs of balmy excellence produce
A blooming flow'r and salutary juice ;
And while each plant a smiling grace reveals,
Usefully gay, at once it charms and heals.

Transcend ev'n after death, ye great ! in show, 80
Lend pomp to ashes, and be vain in woe :
Hire substitutes to mourn with formal cries,
And bribe unwilling drops from venal eyes ;
While here sincerity of grief appears,
Silence that speaks, and eloquence in tears ; 85
While, tir'd of life, we but consent to live
To show the world how really we grieve.
As some fond fire whose only son lies dead,
All lost to comfort makes the dust his bed,
Hangs o'er his urn, with frantic grief deplores, 90
And bathes his clay-cold cheek with copious show'rs ;
Such heart-felt pangs on thy sad bier attend,
Companion ! brother ! all in one—my friend !
Unless the soul a wound eternal bears,
Sighs are but air, but common water tears : 95
The proud relentless weep in state, and show
Not sorrow, but magnificence of woe.

Thus in the fountain, from the sculptor's hands,
With imitated life, an image stands ;
From rocky entrails thro' his stony eyes 100
The mimic tears in streams incessant rise

* Mr. Fenton intended to write upon moral subjects.

Unconscious, while aloft the waters flow
The gazers' wonder and a public show.

Ye hallow'd Domes! his frequent visits tell,
Thou court where God himself delights to dwell ; 105
Thou Mystic Table and thou holy Feast!
How often have ye seen the sacred guest?
How oft' his soul with heavenly manna fed,
His faith enliven'd, while his sin lay dead?
While list'ning angels heard such raptures rise 110
As when they hymn th' Almighty charms the skies.
But where, now where, without the body's aid,
New to the heav'ns, subsists thy gentle shade?
Glides it beyond our gross imperfect sky,
Pleas'd high o'er stars from world to world to fly, 115
And fearless marks the comet's dreadful blaze
While monarchs quake and trembling nations gaze?
Or holds deep converse with the mighty dead,
Champions of virtue, who for virtue bled?
Or joins in concert with angelic choirs, 120
Where hymning seraphs sound their golden lyres,
Where raptur'd saints unfading crowns in wreath,
Triumphant o'er the world, o'er sin and death?
O may the thought his friend's devotion raise!
O may he imitate as well as praise! 125
Awake, my heavy soul! and upward fly,
Speak to the saint, and meet him in the sky,
And ask the certain way to rise as high. 128

ON THE
BIRTHDAY OF A GENTLEMAN
WHEN THREE YEARS OLD.

AWAKE, sweet Babe! the sun's emerging ray
That gave you, birth renews the happy day:
Calmly serene, and glorious to the view,
He marches forth, and strives to look like you.

Fair beauty's bud! when time shall stretch thy span,
Confirm thy charms, and ripen thee to man, 6

What plenteous fruits thy blossoms shall produce,
 And yield not barren ornament, but use!
 E'en now thy spring a rich increase prepares
 To crown thy riper growth and manly years. 10

Thus in the kernels intricate disguise,
 In miniature a little orchard lies;
 The fibrous labyrinth by just degrees
 Stretch their swol'n cells, replete with future trees;
 By time evolv'd the spreading branches rise, 15
 Yield their rich fruits, and shoot into the skies.

O lovely babe! what lustre shall adorn
 Thy noon of beauty when so bright thy morn?
 Shine forth advancing with a brighter ray,
 And may no vice o'ercloud thy future day! 20
 With nobler aims instruct thy soul to glow
 Than those gay trifles, titles, wealth, and show.
 May valour, wisdom, learning crown thy days!
 Those fools admire—these heav'n and angels praise*.

With riches blest, to heav'n those riches lend, 25
 The poor man's guardian, and the good man's friend:
 Bid virtuous Sorrow smile, scorn'd Merit cheer,
 And o'er Affliction pour the gen'rous tear.
 Some, wildly lib'ral, squander, not bestow,
 And give unprais'd, because they give for show. 30
 To sanctify thy wealth, on worth employ
 Thy gold, and to a blessing turn the toy.
 Thus off'rings from th' unjust pollute the skies;
 The good turn smoke into a sacrifice.

As when an artist plans a fav'rite draught, 35
 The structures rise responsive to the thought,

ADDITION.

* To brace the mind to dignity of thought,
 To emulate what godlike Tully wrote.
 Be this thy early wish! The garden breeds,
 If unimprov'd, at least but gaudy weeds;
 And stubborn youth, by culture unsubdu'd,
 Lies wildly barren or but gayly rude:
 Yet as some Phidias gives the marble life,
 While Art with Nature holds a dubious strife,
 Adorns a rock with graces not its own,
 And calls a Venus from the rugged stone;
 So culture aids the human soul to rise,
 To scorn the sordid earth, and mount the skies,
 Till by degrees the noble guest refines,
 Claims her high birthright, and divinely shines.

A palace grows beneath his forming hands,
 Or worthy of a god a temple stands :
 Such is thy rising frame, by heav'n design'd
 A temple worthy of a godlike mind ;
 Nobly adorn'd, and finish'd to display
 A fuller beam of heaven's ethereal ray.

40

May all thy charms increase, O lovely boy !
 Spare them, ye Pains ! and age alone destroy
 So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
 A child, the god might boast to look like thee !
 When young Iulus' form he deign'd to wear,
 Such were his smiles, and such his winning air.
 E'en Venus might mistake thee for her own,
 Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her son ;
 Thence all the lightning of thy mother's flies,
 A Cupid grac'd with Cytherea's eyes !

45

50

Yet ah ! how short a date the Pow'rs decree
 To that bright frame of beauties and to thee !
 Pass a few days, and all thy beauties fly !
 Pass a few years, and thou, alas ! shalt die ;
 Then all thy kindred, all thy friends shall see,
 With tears, what now thou art, and they must be ;
 A pale, cold, lifeless, lump of earth deplore :
 Such shalt thou be, and kings shall be no more !
 But oh ! when ripe for death, Fate calls thee hence,
 Sure lot of ev'ry mortal excellence ;
 When, pregnant as the womb, the teeming earth
 Resigns thee quicken'd to thy second birth,
 Rise cloath'd with beauties that shall never die,
 A saint on earth, an angel in the sky !

55

60

66



ON THE BIRTHDAY OF
MR. ROBERT TREFUSIS,

Being three Years old March 22, 1710-11.*

WHY, lovely babe! does slumber seal your eyes?
See, fair Aurora blushes in the skies:

The sun, which gave you birth, in bright array

Begins his course, and ushers in the day:

Calmly serene, and glorious to the view,

5

He marches forth, and strives to look like you.

Fair Beauty's bud! when time shall stretch thy span,
Confirm thy charms, and ripen thee to man,

How shall each swain, each beauteous nymph, complain!

For love each nymph, for envy ev'ry swain?

10

What matchless charms shall thy full noon adorn

When so admir'd, so glorious, is thy morn!

So glorious is thy morn of life begun,

That all to thee with admiration run,

Turn Persians, and adore the rising sun.

15

So fair art thou, that if great Cupid be

A child, as poets say, sure thou art he.

Fair Venus would mistake thee for her own,

Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her son;

There all the lightnings of thy mother's shine,

20

Their radiant glory and their sweetness join

To shew their fatal pow'r and all their charms in thine.

If fond Narcissus in the crystal flood

A form like thine, O lovely infant! view'd,

Well might the flame the pining youth destroy:

Excess of beauty justify'd the boy.

26

* This Poem is on the same subject with the preceding, but differs from it materially. It is apparently the original one, and preserves the name and date: the other is enlarged, and more highly polished. We print it from the fourth volume of Nichol's Collection of Poems, published in 1780.

ON A FLOWER

WHICH BELINDA GAVE ME FROM HER BOSOM.

O LOVELY offspring of the May!
 Whence flow thy balmy odours, say?
 Such odours—not the orient boasts,
 Tho' Paradise adorn'd the coasts.
 O! sweeter than each flower that blooms
 This fragrance from thy bosom comes!
 Thence, thence, such sweets are spread abroad
 As might be incense for a god!

5

When Venus stood conceal'd from view,
 Her son the latent* goddess knew,
 Such sweets breath'd round! and thus we know
 Our other Venus here below.

10

But see, my fairest! see this flow'r,
 This short-liv'd beauty of an hour!—
 Such are thy charms!—yet zephyrs bring
 The flow'r to bloom again in spring;
 But beauty, when it once declines,
 No more to warm the lover shines.

15

Alas! incessant speeds the day
 When thou shalt be but common clay!
 When I who now adore may see
 And e'en with horror start from thee!

20

But ere, sweet gift! thy grace consumes,
 Show thou my fair one how she blooms;
 Put forth thy charms—and then declare
 Thyself less sweet, thyself less fair;
 Then sudden, by a swift decay,
 Let all thy beauties fade away,
 And let her in thy glass descry
 How youth and how frail beauty die.

25

30

Ah! turn, my charmer! turn thy eyes;
 See how at once it fades, it dies!
 While thine—it gaily pleas'd the view,
 Unfaded as before it grew,

* Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odoerm
 spiravere.

Virg.

Now from thy bosom doom'd to stray, 35
'Tis only beauteous in decay.

So the sweet smelling Indian flow'rs,
Griev'd when they leave those happier shores,
Sicken and die away in ours :

So flow'rs in Eden fond to blow 40
In Paradise would only grow.

Nor wonder, fairest! to survey
The flow'r so suddenly decay.
Too cold thy breast; nor can it grow*
Between such little hills of snow. 45

I now, vain Infidel! no more
Deride th' Egyptians, who adore
The rising herb and blooming flow'r:
Now, now, their convert I will be,
O lovely flow'r! to worship thee. 50

But if thou'rt one of their sad train
Who dy'd for love and cold disdain,
Who, chang'd by some kind pitying pow'r,
A lover once †, art now a flow'r:
O pity me! O weep my care! 55

A thousand thousand pains I bear;
I love, I die, thro' deep despair! 57

ON A MISCHIEVOUS WOMAN.

FROM peace and social joy Medusa flies,
And loves to hear the storm of anger rise.
Thus hags and witches hate the smiles of day,
Sport in loud thunder, and in tempests play. 4

THE ROSEBUD.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY JANE WHARTON.

QUEEN of Fragrance, lovely Rose!
The beauties of thy leaves disclose;
The winter's past, the tempests fly,
Soft gales breathe gently thro' the sky;

VARIATION.

* ----- how could it grow?

† See Ovid's Metamorphoses.

The lark, sweet warbling on the wing,
 Salutes the gay return of spring;
 The silver dews, the vernal show'rs,
 Call forth a bloomy waste of flow'rs;
 The joyous fields, the shady woods,
 Are cloath'd with green, or swell with buds:
 Then haste thy beauties to disclose,
 Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose!

10

Thou, beauteous flow'r! a welcome guest,
 Shalt flourish on the fair one's breast,
 Shalt grace her hand or deck her hair,
 The flow'r most sweet! the nymph most fair!
 Breathe soft, ye winds! be calm, ye skies!
 Arise, ye flow'ry race! arise,
 And haste thy beauties to disclose,
 Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose!

15

20

But thou, fair nymph! thyself survey
 In this sweet offspring of a day.
 That miracle of face must fail;
 Thy charms are sweet, but charms are frail:
 Swift as the short-liv'd flow'r they fly;
 At morn they bloom, at ev'ning die.
 Tho' sickness yet a while forbears,
 Yet time destroys what sickness spares.
 Now Helen lives alone in fame,
 And Cleopatra's but a name.
 Time must indent that heav'nly brow,
 And thou must be what they are now.

25

30

This moral to the fair disclose,
 Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose!

34

THE COQUETTE.

SILLIA with uncontested sway
 Like Rome's fam'd tyrant reigns,
 Beholds adoring crowds obey,
 And heroes proud to wear her chains,
 Yet stoops, like him, to ev'ry prize,
 Busy to murder beaux and flies.

6

She aims at ev'ry trifling heart,
 Attends each flatterer's vows,
 And, like a picture drawn with art,
 A look on all that gaze bestows.
 O! may the power who lovers rules
 Grant rather scorn than hope with fools!

12

Mistaken nymph! the crowds that gaze
 Adore thee into shame;
 Unguarded beauty is disgrace,
 And coxcombs when they praise defame.
 O! fly such brutes in human shapes,
 Nor like th' Egyptians worship apes!

13

COURAGE IN LOVE.

MY eyes with floods of tears o'erflow,
 My bosom heaves with constant woe;
 Those eyes which thy unkindness swells,
 That bosom where thy image dwells!

How could I hope so weak a flame
 Could ever warm that matchless dame,
 When none Elysium must behold
 Without a radiant bough of gold?
 'Tis her's in spheres to shine;
 At distance to admire is mine;
 Doom'd like th' enamour'd youth * to groan
 For a new goddess form'd of stone.

5

While thus I spoke, Love's gentle pow'r
 Descended from th' ethereal bow'r;
 A quiver at his shoulder hung,
 A shaft he grasp'd, and bow unstrung:
 All Nature own'd the genial god,
 And the spring flourish'd where he trod:
 My heart, no stranger to the guest,
 Flutter'd and labour'd in my breast;
 When with a smile that kindles joy
 E'en in the gods, began the boy:

10

15

20

“How vain these tears! is man decreed
 “By being abject to succeed?

* Polydorus, who pined to death for the love of a beautiful statue.

- “ Hop’st thou by meagre looks to move?
 “ Are women frighten’d into love?
 “ He most prevails who nobly dares;
 “ In love an hero as in wars:
 “ E’en Venus may be known to yield,
 “ But ’tis when Mars disputes the field. 30
 “ Sent from a daring hand my dart,
 “ Strikes deep into the fair one’s heart.
 “ To winds and waves thy cares bequeath;
 “ A sigh is but a waste of breath.
 “ What tho’ gay youth and ev’ry grace 35
 “ That beauty boasts adorn her face?
 “ Yet goddesses have deign’d to wed,
 “ And take a mortal to their bed;
 “ And heaven, when gifts of incense rise,
 “ Accepts it, tho’ it cloud their skies. 40
 “ Mark how this marygold conceals
 “ Her beauty, and her bosom viels;
 “ How from the dull embrace she flies
 “ Of Phœbus, when his beams arise,
 “ But when his glory he displays, 45
 “ And darts around his fiercer rays,
 “ Her charms she opens, and receives
 “ The vig’rous god into her leaves.” 48

THE PARTING,

A SONG,

Set by Dr. Tudway, Professor of Music in Cambridge.

- W**HEN from the plains Belinda fled,
 The sad Amintor sigh’d,
 And thus, while streams of tears he shed,
 The mournful shepherd cry’d;
 “ Move slow, ye Hours! thou, Time! delay;
 “ Prolong the bright Belinda’s stay:
 “ But you, like her, my pray’r deny,
 “ And cruelly away ye fly.
 “ Yet, tho’ she flies, she leaves behind
 “ Her lovely image in my mind:

“ O fair Belinda ! with me stay,
 “ Or take thy image too away. 12

“ See how the fields are gay around,
 “ How painted flow’rs adorn the ground !
 “ As if the fields, as well as I,
 “ Were proud to please my fair one’s eye. 16

“ But now, ye fields ! no more be gay ;
 “ No more, ye flowers ! your charms display ;
 “ ’Tis desert all now you are fled,
 “ And Paradise is where you tread.” 20

Unmov’d the virgin flies his cares
 To shine at court and play ;
 To lonely shades the youth repairs,
 To weep his life away. 24

TO THOMAS MARRIOT, ESQ.

I prefix your name to the following poem as a monument of the long and sincere friendship I have borne you. I am sensible you are too good a judge of poetry to approve it ; however, it will be a testimony of my respect. You conferred obligations upon me very early in life, almost as soon as I was capable of receiving them. May these Verses on Death long survive my own, and remain a memorial of our friendship and my gratitude when I am no more.

WILLIAM BROOME

A POEM ON DEATH.

Τὶς οἶδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μὲν ἐστὶ κατθανεῖν,
 Τὸ κατθανεῖν δὲ ζῆν. EURIP.

O FOR Elijah’s car, to wing my way
 O’er the dark gulf of Death, to endless day !
 A thousand ways, alas ! frail mortals lead
 To her dire den, and dreadful all to tread !
 See ! in the horrors of yon house of woes, 5
 Troops of all maladies the fiend enclose !
 High on a trophy rais’d of human bones,
 Swords, spears, and arrows, and sepulchral stones,
 In horrid state she reigns ! attendant ills
 Besiege her throne, and when she frowns she kills. 10

Thro' the thick gloom the torch red-gleaming burns,
 O'er shrouds, and sable palls, and mould'ring urns;
 While flowing stoles, black plumes, and scutcheons,
 An idle pomp around the silent dead. [spread

Unaw'd by pow'r, in common heaps she flings 15

The scrips of beggars and the crowns of kings.
 Here gales of sighs, instead of breezes, blow,
 And streams of tears for ever murm'ring flow:
 The mournful yew with solemn horror waves,
 His baleful branches sadd'ning e'en the graves: 20

Around all birds obscene, loud screaming fly,
 Clang their black wings, and shriek along the sky:
 The ground perverse, tho' bare and barren breeds
 All poisons foes to life, and noxious weeds;
 But blasted frequent by th' unwholesome sky, 25
 Dead fall the birds, the very poisons die!

Full in the entrance of the dreadful doors,
 Old Age half vanish'd to a ghost, deplores;
 Propp'd on his crutch, he drags, with many a groan,
 The load of life, yet dreads to lay it down. 30

There, downward driving an unnumber'd band,
 Intemp'rance and Disease walk hand in hand;
 These Torment, whirling with remorseless sway
 A scourge of iron, lashes on the way.

There frantic Anger, prone to wild extremes, 35
 Grasps an ensanguin'd sword, and heaven blasphemes:
 There heart-sick Agony distorted stands,
 Writhes his convulsive limbs and wrings his hands:
 There Sorrow droops his ever-pensive head,
 And Care still tosses on his iron bed. 40

Or musing, fastens on the ground his eye,
 With folded arms, with ev'ry breath a sigh:
 Hydrops unweildy wallows in the flood,
 And Murder rages, red with human blood:
 With Fever, Famine, and afflictive Pain, 45

Plague, Pestilence, and War, a dismal train!
 These and a thousand more the fiend surround,
 Shrieks pierce the air, and groans to groans resound.
 O heav'ns! is this the passage to the skies
 That man must tread, when man your fav'rite dies?

Oh for Elijah's car, to wing my way 51
O'er the dark gulf of Death, to endless day!

Confounded at the sight, my spirits fled,
My eyes rain'd tears, my very heart was dead;
I wail'd the lot of man, that all would shun, 55
And all must bear that breathe beneath the sun.

When lo! an heavenly form, divinely fair,
Shoots from the starry vault thro' fields of air,
And, swifter than on wings of lightning driv'n,
At once seems here and there, in earth and heaven! 60
A dazzling brightness, in refulgent streams,
Flows from his locks inwreath'd with sunny beams;
His roseate cheeks the bloom of heaven display,
And from his eyes dart glories more than day;
A robe of light condens'd around him shone, 65
And his loins glitter'd with a starry zone;
And while the list'ning winds lay hush'd to hear,
Thus spoke the vision, amiably severe!

"Vain man! wouldst thou escape the common lot,
"To live, to suffer, die, and be forgot? 70
"Look back on ancient times, primeval years,
"All, all are past! a mighty void appears!
"Heroes and kings, those gods of earth, whose fame
"Aw'd half the nations, now are but a name!
"The great in arts or arms, the wise, the just, 75
"Mix with the meanest in congenial dust!
"E'en saints and prophets the same paths have trod,
"Ambassadors of heav'n, and friends of God!
"And thou, wouldst thou the gen'ral sentence fly!
"Moses is dead! thy Saviour deign'd to die! 80
"Mortal! in all thy acts regard thy end;
"Live well the time thou liv'st, and Death's thy friend.
"Then curb each rebel thought against the sky,
"And die resign'd, O man! ordain'd to die."

He added not, but spread his wings in flight, 85
And vanish'd instant in a blaze of light.

Abash'd, ashamed, I cry, "Eternal Pow'r!
"I yield; I wait resign'd th' appointed hour."
Man, foolish man! no more thy soul deceive;
To die is but the surest way to live. 90



BROOME.

When lo! an heavenly form, divinely fair,
Shoots from the starry vault thro' fields of air.

Vide Poem on Death, L. 57, page 46.

Painted by T. Kirk.

Printed for C. Cooke, Paternoster Row, Aug. 6. 1796.

Engraved by J. Chapman.

When age we ask, we ask it in our wrong,
 And pray our time of suff'ring may be long;
 The nauseous draught and dregs of life to drain,
 And feel infirmity and length of pain.

What art thou, Life! that we should court thy stay? 95

A breath one single gasp must puff away!

A short-liv'd flow'r, that with the day must fade!

A fleeting vapour, and an empty shade!

A stream that silently but swiftly glides,

'To meet eternity's immeasur'd tides!

100

A being lost alike by pain or joy!

A fly can kill it, or a worm destroy!

Impair'd by labour, and by ease undone,

Commenc'd in tears, and ended in a groan!

E'en while I write, the transient now is past,

105

And death more near this sentence than the last!

As some weak isthmus seas from seas divides,

Beat by rude waves and sapp'd by rushing tides,

Torn from its base no more their fury bears,

At once they close, at once it disappears:

110

Such, such is life! the mark of misery plac'd

Between two worlds, the future and the past:

To time, to sickness, and to death a prey,

It sinks, the frail possession of a day!

As some fond boy, in sport, along the shore

115

Builds from the sands a fabric of an hour,

Proud of his spacious walls and stately rooms,

He styles the mimic cells imperial domes,

The little monarch swells with fancy'd sway,

Till some wind rising puffs the dome away;

120

So the poor reptile, man! an heir of woe!

The lord of earth and ocean! swells in show!

He plants, he builds; aloft the walls arise;

The noble plan he finishes, and—dies:

Swept from the earth, he shares the common fate, 125

His sole distinction now to rot in state!

'Thus busy to no end, till, out of breath,

Tir'd we lie down, and close up all in death!

Then bless'd the man whom gracious heaven has led

Thro' life's blind mazes to th' immortal dead! 130

Who safely landed on the blissful shore,
 Nor human folly feels, nor frailty more!
 O Death! thou cure of all our idle strife,
 End of the gay or serious farce of life!
 Wish of the just, and refuge of the oppress'd! 135
 Where poverty and where e'en kings find rest!
 Safe from the frowns of pow'r, calm thoughtful hate,
 And the rude insults of the scornful great,
 The grave is sacred! Wrath and Malice dread
 To violate its peace and wrong the dead. 140
 But, Life! thy name is Woe! to death we fly
 To grow immortal——into life we die!
 Then wisely heaven in silence has confin'd
 The happier dead, lest none should stay behind.
 What tho' the path be dark that must be trod, 145
 Tho' man be blotted from the works of God,
 Tho' the four winds his scatter'd atoms bear
 To earth's extremes thro' all th' expanse of air?
 Yet bursting glorious from the silent clay,
 He mounts triumphant to eternal day. 150
 So when the sun rolls down th' ethereal plain,
 Extinct his splendors in the whelming main,
 A transient night, earth, air, and heav'n, invades,
 Eclips'd in horrors of surrounding shades,
 But soon emerging with a fresher ray
 He starts exultant and renews the day. 156

PROLOGUE,

TO MR. FENTON'S EXCELLENT TRAGEDY MARIAMNE.

WHEN breathing statues mould'ring waste away,
 And tombs, unfaithful to their trust, decay,
 The Muse rewards the suff'ring good with fame,
 Or wakes the prosp'rous villain into shame;
 To the stern tyrant gives fictitious pow'r 5
 To reign the restless monarch of an hour.
 Obedient to her call, this night appears
 Great Herod rising from a length of years;
 A name enlarg'd with titles not his own,
 Servile to mount, and savage on a throne: 10

Yet oft a throne is dire Misfortune's seat,
 A pompous wretchedness and woe in state!
 But such the curse that from ambition springs!
 For this he slaughter'd half a race of kings;
 But now reviving in the British scene,
 He looks majestic with a milder mien;
 His features soften'd with the deep distress
 Of love, made greatly wretched by excess:
 From lust of pow'r to jealous fury tost,
 We see the tyrant in the lover lost.

15

20

O Love! thou source of mighty joy or woe!
 Thou softest friend, or man's most dang'rous foe!
 Fantastic pow'r! what rage thy darts inspire*
 When too much beauty kindles too much fire!
 Those darts to jealous rage stern Herod drove;
 It was a crime, but crime of too much love.
 Yet if condemn'd he falls—with pitying eyes
 Behold his injur'd Mariamne rise!

25

No fancy'd tale: our op'ning scenes disclose
 Historic truth, and swell with real woes.

30

Awful in virtuous grief the queen appears,
 And strong the eloquence of royal tears;
 By woes ennobled, with majestic pace
 She meets misfortune, glorious in disgrace!
 Small is the praise of beauty when it flies
 Fair Honour's laws; at best but lovely vice.
 Charms it like Venus with celestial air?

35

E'en Venus is but scandalously fair:
 But when strict honour with fair features joins,
 Like heat and light at once it warms and shines.

40

Then let her fate your kind attention raise,
 Whose perfect charms were but her second praise†.
 Beauty and Virtue your protection claim:
 Give tears to Beauty, give to Virtue fame.

44

VARIATIONS.

* What pangs, &c.

† Then let her fate your just attention raise,
 Whose perfect graces were but second praise.

E

THE
CONCLUSION OF AN EPILOGUE.

To Mr. Southern's last Play,
CALLED MONEY THE MISTRESS.

THERE was a time when, in his younger years,
Our author's scenes commanded smiles or tears ;
And tho' beneath the weight of days he bends,
Yet like the sun he shines as he descends : 4
Then with applause, in honour to his age,
Dismiss your vet'ran soldier of the stage* ;
Crown his last exit with distinguish'd praise,
And kindly hide his baldness with the bays†. 8

VARIATION.

* From the stage.

† Alluding to a vote of the Roman Senate, by which they decreed Cæsar a crown of laurel to cover his baldness.



EPISTLES.

EPISTOLA

AD AMICUM RUSTICANTEM,

Scripta Vere ineunte Cantab. 1709,

ECQUID absenti tibi cura Grantæ?
Ecquid antiqui memor es sodalis!
Chare permultis, mihi præter omnes
Chare, Georgi.

4

Cernis! ut mulcet levis aura campos!
Uut rosâ dulci, violisque terram
Flora depingit, Zephyrusque blandis
Ventilat alis!

8

Tarde, quid cessas? Age Rozinantis
Terga conscendans eques* ingementis,
Tenè ruralis Galatæa duris
Detinet Ulnis?

12

Digne succendi meliore flammâ!—
Sive † Clarissam, Juvenumvè curam
Philliden mavis, placeatvè, quondam
Pulchra, Lycoris.

16

Tarde, quid cessas? tibi multa virgo
Splendidos lædit lacrymis ocellos,
Et tibi frustra ad speculum comarum
Circinat orbes!

20

Te frequens votis revocat sophistes,
Dum Johannensi madidus lyæo,
De tubis haurit, revomitque dulcem
Undique nubem.

24

Quin velis scribam quid habet novorum
Granta? Marlburus spoliis onustus,
Gallicas fudit propè ‡ Scaldis undam
Strage Phalangas,

28

* Obeso fuit corpore.

† Tres elegantes apud Cantabrigiam Puellæ.

‡ Juxta Aldenardum.

O! triumphalem gladium recondas!
 Ite vos laurus fanie rubentes!
 Sis memor pacis, viridique cingas
 Tempora Myrto!

32

Huc ades divûm atque hominum voluptas
 Mollè subridens, Venus! huc sorores
 Gratia! longùm vale O Minerva!
 Aspera Virgo!

35

Barbaro tandèm satiata, ludo
 Ægidem ponas, gladiumque; castam
 Virginem dirus gladius, feroxque
 Dedecit Ægis.

40

Flagitas nostræ quid agunt camœnæ?
 Uror infelix! mihi me Belinda
 Surripit! Collum O! niveum, O! Puellæ
 Suave labellum!

44

Ah! ut obliquo aspiciens oculo
 Torruit pectus?—neque tu furoris
 Inscius blandi! tibi fœvit imis
 Flamma medullis!

48

Tu tamen felix! cohibere tristes
 Tu potes curas! * Cerealis haustus
 Est tibi, præsens relevare diro
 Pectora luctu.

52

Corticem astrictum pice cum reducis,
 Audin, ingenti tonat ut boatu
 Fumidus! summo ruit ut lagenæ
 Spumeus ore!

56

Cernis! ut vitro nitet invidendo
 Aureum nectar! comes it facetus
 Cui jocus, quocum Venus et Cupido
 Spicula tingunt.

60

Jam memor charæ, cyathum coronas,
 Virginis:—plenum video!—ah! caveto

* Anglice, bottled ale.

Dextra nè quasset malè, dum laborat
Pondere dulci!

64

Euge!—ficcàsti benè, fortiterque!—
Hinc adest curæ medicina! suaves
Hinc tibi somni, et tibi suaviora
Somnia somnis!

68

Hos bibens succos, nihil invidebis
Italìs, quamvis cyathi Falerno
Dulcè nigrescant, neque Gallicanæ
Laudibus uvæ!

72

Hic Johannensi latitans fuili
Grunnio, scribens sitiente labro,
Aut graves haustus, inimica Musis
Pocula, duco.

76

TO MRS. ELIZ. M——T,
ON HER PICTURE, 1716.

O WONDROUS Art! that grace to shadows gives!
By whose command the lovely phantom lives!
Smiles with her smiles! the mimic eye instils
A real frame! the fancy'd lightning kills!
Thus mirrors catch the love-inspiring face,
And the new charmer grace returns for grace.

5

Hence shall thy beauties, when no more appears
Their fair possessor, shine a thousand years;
By age uninjur'd, future times adorn,
And warm the hearts of millions yet unborn,
Who, gazing on the portrait with a sigh,
Shall grieve such perfect charms could ever die.
How would they grieve if to such beauties join'd
The paint could shew the wonders of thy mind!

10

O Virgin! born th'admiring world to grace,
Transmit thy excellence to latest days;
Yield to thy lover's vows, and then shall rise
A race of beauties conqu'ring with thine eyes,
Who reigning in thy charms from death shall save
That lovely form, and triumph o'er the grave.

15

20

Thus when thro' age the rose-tree's charms decay,
When all her fading beauties die away,

A blooming offspring fills the parent's place
With equal fragrance and with equal grace.

But ah! how short a date on earth is giv'n 25
To the most lovely workmanship of heaven!
Too soon that cheek must ev'ry charm resign,
And those love-darting eyes forget to shine;
While thousands weeping round with sighs survey
What once was you—now only beauteous clay! 30
E'en from the canvass shall thy image fade,
And thou reperish in thy perish'd shade!
Then may this verse to future ages show
One perfect beauty such as thou art now!
May it the graces of thy soul display 35
Till this world sinks, and suns themselves decay,
When with immortal beauty thou shalt rise,
To shine the loveliest angel in the skies. 38

TO BELINDA,

ON HER SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

SURE never pain such beauty wore,
Or look'd so amiable before!
You graces give to a disease,
Adorn the pain, and make it please!
Thus burning incense sheds perfumes 5
Still fragrant as it still consumes.

Nor can e'en sickness, which disarms
All other nymphs, destroy your charms:
A thousand beauties you can spare,
And still be fairest of the fair. 10

But see! the pains begin to fly;
Tho' Venus bled she could not die:
See the new phoenix point her eyes,
And lovelier from her ashes rise.
Thus roses when the storm is o'er 15
Draw beauties from th' inclement show'r.

Welcome, ye Hours! which thus repay
What envious Sickness stole away;
Welcome as those which kindly bring
And usher in the joyous spring, 20

That to the smiling earth restore
The beauteous herb and blooming flow'r,
And give her all the charms she lost
By wintry storms and hoary frost.

25

And yet how well did she sustain
And greatly triumph o'er her pain!
So flow'rs, when blasting winds invade
Breathe sweet, and beautifully fade.

30

Now in her cheeks and radiant eyes
New blushes glow, new lightnings rise;
Behold a thousand charms succeed,
For which a thousand hearts must bleed!
Brighter from her disease she shines,
As fire the precious gold refines.

35

Thus when the silent grave becomes
Pregnant with life as fruitful wombs,
When the wide seas and spacious earth
Resign us to our second birth,
Our moulder'd frame, rebuilt, assumes
New beauty, and for ever blooms,
And, crown'd with youth's immortal pride,
We angels rise who mortals dy'd.

40

42

TO BELINDA,

ON HER APRON EMBROIDERED WITH
ARMS AND FLOWERS.

THE list'ning trees Amphion drew
To dance from hills where once they grew,
But you express a pow'r more great;
The flow'rs you draw not but create*.

4

Behold your own creation rise,
And smile beneath your radiant eyes:
'Tis beauteous all! and yet receives
From you more graces than it gives.

8

VARIATION.

* The lovely Flora paints the earth,
And calls the morning flow'rs to birth,
But you display a pow'r more great;
She calls forth flow'rs, but you create.

But say, amid the softer charms
Of blooming flow'rs, what mean these arms?
So round the fragrance of the rose
The pointed thorn to guard it grows.

12

But cruel you who thus employ,
Both arms and beauty to destroy!
So Venus marches to the fray,
In armour formidably gay.

16

It is a dreadful pleasing sight!
The flow'rs attract, the arms affright:
The flow'rs with lively beauty bloom,
The arms denounce an instant doom.

20

Thus when the Britons in array
Their ensigns to the sun display,
In the same flag are lilies shown,
And angry lions sternly frown:
On high the glitt'ring standard flies,
And conquers all things—like your eyes.

26

TO BELINDA AT THE BATH.

WHILE in these fountains bright Belinda laves,
She adds new virtues to the healing waves:
Thus in Bethesda's pool an angel stood,
Bade the soft waters heal, and bless'd the flood:
But from her eye such bright destruction flies,
In vain they flow; for her the lover dies.

6

No more let Tagus boast, whose beds unfold
A shining treasure of all-conq'ring gold;
No more the Po*, whose wand'ring waters stray
In mazy errors thro' the starry way:
Henceforth these springs superior honours share;
There Venus laves, but my Belinda here.

12

* "-----Eridanum cernes in parte locatum cœli.
" Gurgite sidereo subterluit Oriona.

*Tull. in Ar.
Claud.*

TO THE RIGHT HON.

CHARLES LORD CORNWALLIS,

Baron of Eye, Warden, Chief Justice, and Justice in Eyre of all his Majesty's Forests, Chases, Parks and Warrens, on the south side of Trent.

—δῶρόν τοι τῆτο δίδωμι

Μῆμα ————— *Odyssey, Lib. xv.*

O THOU! whose virtues sanctify thy state,
 O great without the vices of the great!
 Form'd by a dignity of mind to please,
 To think, to act, with elegance and ease! *
 Say, wilt thou listen while I tune the string, 5
 And sing to thee who gav'st me ease to sing?
 Unskill'd in verse, I haunt the silent grove,
 Yet lowly shepherds sing to mighty Jove,
 And mighty Jove attends the shepherds vows,
 And gracious what his suppliants ask bestows: 10
 So by thy favour may the muse be crown'd,
 And plant her laurels in more fruitful ground;
 The grateful muse shall in return bestow
 Her spreading laurels to adorn thy brow.

Thus, guarded by the tree of Jove, a flow'r 15
 Shoots from the earth, nor fears th' inclement show'r,
 And when the fury of the storm is laid,
 Repays with sweets the hospitable shade.

Severe their lot who when they long endure
 The wounds of Fortune late receive a cure! 20
 Like ships in storms o'er liquid mountains tost,
 Ere they are sav'd must almost first be lost;
 But you with speed forbid distress to grieve:
 He gives by halves† who hesitates to give.

• Thus when an angel views mankind distress 25
 He feels compassion pleading in his breast;

ADDITION.

* Firm to thy king and to thy country brave;
 Loyal, yet free; a subject, not a slave;
 Say, &c.

† The Lord Cornwallis in a most obliging manner recommended the author to the Rectory of Pulham.

Instant the heav'nly guardian cleaves the skies,
And pleas'd to save on wings of lightning flies*.

Some the vain promises of courts betray,
And gaily straying, they are pleas'd to stray ; 30
The flatt'ring nothing still deludes their eyes,
Seems ever near, yet ever distant flies :

As perspectives present the object nigh,
Tho' far remov'd from the mistaking eye,
Against our reason fondly we believe, 35
Assist the fraud, and teach it to deceive :

As the faint traveller, when night invades,
Sees a false light relieve the ambient shades,
Pleas'd he beholds the bright delusions play,
But the false guide shines only to betray ; 40

Swift he pursues, but still the path mistakes,
O'er dang'rous marshes or thro' thorny brakes ;
Yet obstinate in wrong, he toils to stray
With many a weary stride o'er many a painful way.
So man pursues the phantom of his brain, 45

And buys his disappointment with his pain :
At length when years invidiously destroy
The pow'r to taste the long-expected joy,
Then Fortune envious sheds her golden show'rs,
Malignly smiles, and curses him with stores. 50

Thus o'er the urns of friends departed weep
The mournful kindred, and fond vigils keep ;
Ambrosial ointments o'er their ashes shed,
And scatter useless roses on the dead ;
And when no more avail the world's delights, 55
The spicy odours and the solemn rites,
With fruitless pomp they deck the senseless tombs,
And waste profusely floods of vain perfumes. 58

ADDITION.

* Few know to ask, or decently receive,
And fewer still with dignity to give :
If earn'd by flatt'ry, gifts of highest price
Are not a bounty, but the pay of vice.
Some wildly lavish, yet no friend obtain,
Nor are they gen'rous, but absurd and vain.
Some give with surly pride and boist'rous hands,
As Jove pours rain in thunder o'er the lands.
When merit pleads, you meet it and embrace,
And give the favour lustre by the grace ;
So Phœbus to his warmth a glory joins
Blessing the world, and while he blesses shines.

TO THE HONOURABLE
MRS. ELIZABETH TOWNSHEND,

AFTERWARDS LADY CORNWALLIS,

*On her Picture at Rainham, drawn by Mr. Jarvis, Painter to
his Majesty.*

—περιεσσι γυναικῶν

Εἶδος τ' ἰδὲ φρένας. *Odyssey, Lib. xviii.*

AH, cruel hand! that could such pow'r employ
To teach the pictur'd beauty to destroy!
Singly she charm'd before, but, by his skill,
The living beauty and her likeness kill!
Thus when in parts the broken mirrors fall,
A face in all is seen, and charms in all! 5

Think then, O fairest of the fairer race!
What fatal beauties arm thy heavenly face,
Whose very shadow can such flames inspire!
We see 'tis paint, and yet we feel 'tis fire. 10

See, with false life the lovely image glows,
And ev'ry wondrous grace transplanted shows;
Fatally fair the new creation reigns,
Charms in her shape, and multiplies our pains;
Hence the fond youth that ease by absence found, 15
Views the dear form, and bleeds at ev'ry wound.
Thus the bright Venus, tho' to heaven she soar'd,
Reign'd in her image, by the world ador'd.

O wondrous pow'r of mingled light and shades!
Where beauty with dumb eloquence persuades; 20
Where passions are beheld in picture wrought,
And animated colours look a thought!

Rare art! on whose command all nature waits!
It copies all Omnipotence creates!
Here crown'd with mountains earth expanded lies, 25
There the proud seas with all their billows rise.

If life be drawn, responsive to the thought,
The breathing figures live throughout the draught;
The mimic bird in skies fictitious moves,
Or fancy'd beasts in imitated groves: 30

E'en heaven it climbs ; and from the forming hands
An angel here and there a Townshend stands !

Yet, painter ! yet, tho' art with nature strive,
Tho' e'en the lovely phantom seem alive,
Submit thy vanquish'd art, and own the draught 35
Tho' fair, defective, and a beauteous fault !

Charms such as her's, inimitably great,
He only can express that can create.

Couldst thou extract the whiteness of the snow,
Or of its colours rob the heavenly bow, 40
Yet would her beauty triumph o'er thy skill,
Lovely in thee, herself more lovely still.

Thus in the limpid fountain we descry
The faint resemblance of the glitt'ring sky ;
Another sun displays his lessen'd beams, 45
Another heaven adorns the enlighten'd streams ;
But tho' the scene be fair, yet high above
Th' exalted skies in nobler beauties move ;
There the true heaven's eternal lamps display
A deluge of inimitable day. 50

AN EPISTLE

TO MY FRIEND MR. ELIJAH FENTON,

Author of Mariamne, a Tragedy, 1726.

WHY art thou slow to strike th' harmonious shell,
Averse to sing who know'st to sing so well ?
If thy proud muse the tragic buskin wears,
Great Sophocles revives and re-appears,
While regularly bold she nobly sings 5
Strains worthy to detain the ears of kings.
If by thy hand th' Homeric lyre be strung*,
The lyre returns such sounds as Homer sung.
The kind compulsion of a friend obey,
And tho' reluctant swell the lofty lay, 10
Then list'ning groves once more shall catch the sound,
While Grecian muses sing on British ground.

* Mr. Fenton translated four books of the *Odysses*;

Thus calm and silent thy own Proteus* roves
 Thro' pearly mazes and thro' coral groves;
 But when emerging from the azure main,
 Coercive bands the unwilling god constrain,
 Then heaves his bosom with prophetic fires,
 And his tongue speaks sublime what heaven inspires.

Envy 'tis true with barb'rous rage invades
 What e'en fierce lightning spares, the laurel shades;
 And critics, bias'd by mistaken rules,
 Like Turkish zealots, rev'rence none but fools.
 But praise from such injurious tongues is shame;
 They rail the happy author into fame;
 Thus Phœbus thro' the zodiac takes his way,
 And rises amid monsters into day.

Oh vileness of mankind! when writing well
 Becomes a crime, and danger to excel!
 While, noble scorn! my friend such insults sees,
 And flies from towns to wilds, from men to trees.

Free from the lust of wealth and glitt'ring snares
 That make th' unhappy great in love with cares,
 Me humble joys in calm retirement please,
 A silent happiness and learned ease.

Deny me grandeur, heaven! but goodness grant:
 A king is less illustrious than a saint.

Hail, holy Virtue! come, thou heavenly guest!
 Come, fix thy pleasing empire in my breast!
 Thou know'st her influence, friend! thy cheerful mien*
 Proclaims the innocence and peace within:
 Such joys as none but sons of Virtue know
 Shine in thy face, and in thy bosom glow.

So when the holy mount the prophet trod,
 And talk'd familiar as a friend with God,
 Celestial radiance every feature shed,
 And ambient glories dawn'd around his head.

Sure what the unthinking great, mistaken, call
 Their happiness is folly, folly all!

* See the story of Proteus, *Odyssey*, lib. iv. translated by Mr. Fenton,

VARIATION.

† Thou feel'st her pow'r, my friend! &c.

Like lofty mountains in the clouds, they hide
 Their haughty heads, but swell with barren pride ; 50
 And while low vales in useful beauty lie,
 Heave their proud naked summits to the sky.
 In honour as in place, ye great transcend ;
 An angel fall'n degenerates to a fiend.

Th' all-cheering sun is honour'd with his shrines 55
 Not that he moves aloft but that he shines.

Why flames the star on Walpole's* gen'rous breast?
 Not that he's highest, but because he's best ;
 Fond to oblige ; in blessing others, blest.

How wond'rous few, by avarice uncontroll'd, 60
 Have virtue to subdue the thirst of gold !

The shining dirt the sordid wretch ensnares
 To buy with mighty treasures mighty cares :
 Blindly he courts, misguided by the will,
 A specious good, and meets a real ill. 65

So when Ulysses plough'd the surgy main,
 When now in view appear'd his native reign,
 His wayward mates th' Æolian† bag unbind,
 Expecting treasures, but out rush'd a wind ;
 The sudden hurricane in thunder roars, 70
 Buffets the bark, and whirls it from the shores.

O heaven ! by what vain passions man is sway'd !
 Proud of his reason, by his will betray'd,
 Blindly he wanders in pursuit of vice,
 And hates confinement tho' in Paradise ; 75
 Doom'd, when enlarg'd, instead of Eden's bow'rs,
 To rove in wilds, and gather thorns for flow'rs :
 Between th' extremes direct he sees the way,
 Yet wilful swerves, perversely fond to stray !

Whilst niggard souls indulge their craving thirst, 80
 Rich without bounty, with abundance curst,
 The prodigal pursues expensive vice,
 And buys dishonour at a mighty price.
 On beds of state the splendid glutton sleeps,
 While starving Merit unregarded weeps ; 85

* The Right Hon. Sir Robert Walpole, created Knight of the most noble order of the Garter, 1726.

† See *Odyssy* x. ver. 40.

His ill-plac'd bounty while scorn'd Virtue grieves,
 A dog, a fawning sycophant, receives;
 And cringing knaves or haughty strumpets share
 What would make Sorrow smile, and cheer Despair.

Then wouldst thou steer where Fortune spreads the
 Go flatter Vice! for seldom flatt'ry fails; [fails?
 Soft thro' the ear the pleasing bane distils: 92

Delicious poison! in perfumes it kills!
 Be all but virtuous. O! unwise to live
 Unfashionably good and hope to thrive! 95

Trees that aloft with proudest honours rise
 Root hell-ward, and thence flourish to the skies.

O happier thou, my friend! with ease content,
 Blest with the conscience of a life well spent,
 Nor wouldst be great, but guide thy gather'd sails 100
 Safe by the shore, nor tempt the rougher gales;
 For sure of all that feel the wounds of Fate
 None are completely wretched but the great.

Superior woes superior stations bring;
 A peasant sleeps while cares awake a king. 105

Who reigns must suffer! crowns with gems inlaid
 At once adorn and load the royal head.

Change but the scene, and kings in dust decay,
 Swept from the earth the pageants of a day;
 There no distinctions on the dead await 110

But pompous graves and rottenness in state.
 Such now are all that shone on earth before;
 Cæsar and mighty Marlborough are no more!
 Unhallow'd feet o'er awful Tully tread,

And Hyde and Plato join the vulgar dead; 115
 And all the glorious aims that can employ
 The souls of mortals must with Hammer die.

O Compton*! when this breath we once resign
 My dust shall be as eloquent as thine.

Till that last hour which calls me hence away, 120
 To pay that great arrear which all must pay,
 O! may I tread the paths which saints have trod,
 Who knew they walk'd before th' all-seeing God!

* The Right Hon Sir Spencer Compton, Speaker of the House of Commons.

Studious from ways of wicked men to keep,
 Who mock at vice while grieving angels weep. 125
 Come taste, my friend! the joys retirement brings,
 Look down on royal slaves, and pity kings.
 More happy! laid where trees with trees entwin'd
 In bow'ry arches tremble to the wind,
 With innocence and shade like Adam blest, 130
 While a new Eden opens in the breast!
 Such were the scenes descending angels trod,
 In guiltless days, when man convers'd with God.
 Then shall my lyre to loftier sounds be strung,
 Inspir'd by Homer*, or what thou hast sung: 135
 My muse from thine shall catch a warmer ray,
 As clouds are brighten'd by the god of day.
 So trees unapt to bear, by art refin'd,
 With shoots ennobled of a gen'rous kind,
 High o'er the ground with fruits adopted rise,
 And lift their spreading honours to the skies. 141

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS WORKS, MDCCXXVI.

LET vulgar souls triumphal arches raise
 And speaking marble to record their praise,
 Or carve with fruitless toil, to fame unknown,
 The mimic feature on the breathing stone;
 Mere mortals, subject to Death's total sway, 5
 Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day;
 'Tis thine on ev'ry heart to grave thy praise,
 A monument which worth alone can raise;
 Sure to survive when time shall whelm in dust
 The arch, the marble, and the mimic bust; 10
 Nor till the volumes of th' expanded sky
 Blaze in one flame, shalt thou and Homer die,
 When sink together, in the world's last fires,
 What heaven created and what heaven inspires.
 If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled, 15
 With human transport touch the mighty dead,

* Dr. Broome translated eight books of the Odyſſey.

Shakespeare! rejoice; his hand thy page refines;
 Now ev'ry scene with native brightness shines:
 Just to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought;
 So Tully publish'd what Lucretius wrote: 20
 Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
 And bloom afresh on thy immortal brow.

Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael! time invades,
 And the bold figure from the canvass fades,
 A rival hand recalls from ev'ry part 25
 Some latent grace, and equals art with art;
 Transported we survey the dubious strife,
 While the fair image starts again to life.

How long untun'd had Homer's sacred lyre
 Jarr'd grating discord, all extinct his fire? 30
 This you beheld, and taught by heaven to sing,
 Call'd the loud music from the sounding string.
 Now wak'd from slumbers of three thousand years,
 Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
 Tow'rs o'er the field of death as fierce he turns, 35
 Keen flash his arms, and all the hero burns;
 His plume nods horrible! his helm on high
 With cheeks of iron glares against the sky;
 With martial stalk, and more than mortal might,
 He strides along; he meets the gods in fight: 40
 Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
 Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores:
 Tremble the tow'rs of heaven, earth rocks her coasts,
 And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts.
 To ev'ry theme responds thy various lay; 45
 Here pours a torrent, there meanders play.
 Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise,
 Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies;
 Or softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,
 The gentle breezes breathe away and die. 50

How twangs the bow when with a jarring spring
 The whizzing arrows vanish from the string!
 When giants strain some rock's vast weight to shove
 The slow verse heaves, and the clogg'd words scarce
 But when from high it rolls with many a bound, [move;
 Jumping it thund'ring whirls and rushes to the ground:

Swift flows the verse when winged lightnings fly, 57
 Dart from the dazzled view, and flash along the sky.
 Thus, like the radiant god who sheds the day,
 The vale you paint, or gild the azure way ; 60
 And while with ev'ry theme the verse complies,
 Sink without grov'ling, without rashness rise.

Proceed, great bard ! awake th' harmonious string ;
 Be ours all Homer ; still Ulysses sing.

E'en I, the meanest of the muses' train, 65
 Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler strain ;
 Adventrous waken the Mæonian lyre,
 Tun'd by your hand, and sing as you inspire.
 So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
 Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' might. 70

Like theirs our friendship ; and I boast my name
 To thine united, for thy friendship's fame.

How long Ulysses, by unskilful hands
 Stript of his robes, a beggar trod our lands,
 Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast, 75
 Shrunk by the wand and all the hero lost* ;
 O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread,
 Old age disgrac'd the honours of his head,
 Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball shin'd
 The glance divine forth-beaming from the mind : 80
 But you, like Pallas, ev'ry limb infold
 With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold :
 Touch'd by your hand his manly frame improves
 With air divine, and like a god he moves.

This labour past of heavenly subject sing, 85
 While hov'ring angels listen on the wing,
 To hear from earth such heart-felt raptures rise,
 As when they sing suspended hold the skies ;
 Or nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,
 From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws ; 90
 Teach a bad world beneath her sway to bend :
 To verse like thine fierce savages attend,
 And men more fierce. When Orpheus tunes the lay,
 E'en fiends relenting hear their rage away. 94

* See the 16th Odyssæy ver. 186 and 476.

TO MR. A. POPE,
WHO CORRECTED MY VERSES,

IF e'er my humble muse melodious sings.
'Tis when you animate and tune her strings;
If e'er she mounts 'tis when you prune her wings.
You, like the sun, your glorious beams display,
Deal to the darkest orb a friendly ray,
And clothe it with the lustre of the day. 5

Mean was the piece, unelegantly wrought,
The colours faint, irregular the draught;
But your commanding touch, your nicer art,
Rais'd ev'ry stroke, and brighten'd ev'ry part. 10
So when Luke drew the rudiments of man,
An angel finish'd what the saint began;
His wondrous pencil, dipt in heavenly dyes,
Gave beauty to the face, and lightning to the eyes.

Confus'd it lay, a rough unpolish'd mass; 15
You gave the royal stamp, and made it pass;
Hence e'en Deformity a beauty grew:
She pleas'd, she charm'd, but pleas'd and charm'd by
Tho' like Prometheus I the image frame, [you.
You gave the life, and bring the heavenly flame. 20

Thus when the Nile diffus'd his wat'ry train
In streams of plenty o'er the fruitful plain,
Unshapen forms, the refuse of the flood,
Issu'd imperfect from the teeming mud;
But the great source and parent of the day 25
Fashion'd the creature, and inform'd the clay*.

ADDITION.

* To nobler themes thy muse triumphant soars,
Mounts thro' the tracks of air and heaven explores.
Say, has some seraph tun'd thy sacred lyre,
Or deign'd to touch thy hallow'd lips with fire?
For sure such sounds exalt th' immortal string.
As heaven approves and raptur'd angels sing.
Ah! how I listen while th' immortal lay
Lifts me from earth above the Solar Way!
Ah! how I look with scorn on pompous crowns,
And pity monarchs on their splendid thrones!
While, thou my guide, I trace all Nature's laws
By just gradations to the Sov'reign Cause;
Pleas'd I survey how varying schemes unite
Worlds with the atoms, angels with the mite,
And end in God, high thron'd above all height,

Weak of herself, my muse forbears her flight,
 Views her own lowness and Parnassus' height;
 But when you aid her song and deign to nod,
 She spreads a bolder wing, and feels the present god. 30
 So the Cumæan prophetess was dumb,
 Blind to the knowledge of events to come;
 But when Apollo in her breast abode,
 She heav'd, she swell'd, she felt the rushing god;
 Then accents more than mortal from her broke,
 And what the god inspir'd the priestess spoke. 36

TO A LADY

PLAYING WITH A SNAKE.

IT is a pleasing direful sight!
 At once you charm us and affright!
 So heaven destroying angels arms
 With terror dreadful in their charms! 4

Such, such was Cleopatra's air,
 Lovely, but formidably fair!
 When the griev'd world impoverish'd lost
 By the dire asp its noblest boast. 8

Aw'd by your guardian's dang'rous pow'r,
 At distance trembling we adore;
 At distance once again behold
 A serpent guard the blooming gold. 12

Well pleas'd and harmless, lo! he lies,
 Basks in the sunshine of your eyes;
 Now twists his spires, and now unfurls
 The gay confusion of his curls. 16

ADDITION.

Who sees, as Lord of all, with equal eye
 Now a proud tyrant perish, then a fly.
 Methinks I view the Patriarch's ladder rise,
 Its base on earth, its summit in the skies;
 Each wondrous step by glorious angels trod,
 And heaven unfolding to the throne of God.
 Be this thy praise! I haunt the lovely bow'r,
 Sport by the spring, or paint the blooming flow'r;
 Nor dares the muse attempt an arduous height, &c.

Oh! happy on your breast to lie,
 As that bright star that gilds the sky*,
 Who ceasing in the spheres to shine,
 Would for your breast his heaven resign.

20

Yet oh! fair virgin! caution take
 Lest some bold cheat assume the snake.
 When Jove compress'd the Grecian dame†
 Aloof he threw the lightning's flame;
 On radiant spires the lover rode,
 And in the snake conceal'd the god.

26

TO A LADY OF THIRTY.

NO more let youth its beauty boast,
 S———n at thirty reigns a toast,
 And like the sun as he declines,
 More mildly but more sweetly shines.

4

The hand of Time alone disarms
 Her face of its superfl'ous charms,
 But adds for every grace resign'd
 A thousand to adorn her mind.

8

Youth was her too inflaming time,
 This her more habitable clime;
 • How must she then each heart engage
 Who blooms like Youth, is wise like Age!

12

Thus the rich orange-trees produce
 At once both ornament and use;
 Here opening blossoms we behold,
 There fragrant orbs of ripen'd gold.

16

* The Scorpion.

† Olympias, mother of Alexander the Great.



THE
WIDOW AND VIRGIN SISTERS,

BEING A LETTER TO THE WIDOW IN LONDON.

WHILE Delia shines at Hurlothrumbo,
 And darts her sprightly eyes at some beau,
 Then, close behind her fan retiring,
 Sees thro' the sticks whole crowds admiring,
 You sip your melancholy coffy, 5
 And at the name of man cry O fy!
 Or when the noisy rapper thunders
 Say coldly—"Sure the fellow blunders!
 "Unseen, tho' peer on peer approaches;
 "James, I'm abroad!—But learn the coaches." 10
 As some young pleader, when his purse is
 Unfill'd thro' want of controversies,
 Attends until the chinks are fill'd all
 The assizes Westminster and Guildhall,
 While graver lawyers keep their house, and 15
 Collect the guineas by the thousand;
 Or as some tradesmen thro' show-glasses
 Expose their wares to each that passes,
 Toys of no use! high priz'd commodities
 Bought to no end! estates in oddities! 20
 Others with like advantage drive at
 Their gain from storehouses in private:
 Thus Delia shines in places general,
 Is never missing where the men are all;
 Goes e'en to church with godly airs, 25
 To meet good company at pray'rs,
 Where she devoutly plays her fan,
 Looks up to heaven, but thinks on man:
 You sit at home, enjoy your cousin†,
 While hearts are offer'd by the dozen. 30
 O! born above your sex to rise,
 With youth, wealth, beauty, titles—wife!
 O lady bright! did ne'er you mark yet,
 In country fair or country market,

A beau whose eloquence might charm ye,
Enlisting soldiers for the army?

He flatters ev'ry well-built youth,
And tells him ev'ry thing but—truth:

He cries “ Good friend ! I'm glad I hap'd in
“ Your company ; you'll make a captain ! ”

40

He lifts—but finds these guady shows
Soon chang'd to surly looks and blows.

'Tis now, “ March, rascal ! what d'ye grumble ? ”

Thwack goes the cane ! “ I'll make you humble. ”

Such weddings are : and I resemble 'em

45

Almost in all points to this emblem.

While courtship lasts 'tis “ Dear ! ” 'tis “ Madam ! ”

“ The sweetest creature sure since Adam !

“ Had I the years of a Methusalem,

“ How in my charmer's praise I'd use all 'em !

50

“ O take me to thy arms, my beauty !

“ I dote, adore, thy very shoe-tye ! ”

They wed—but fancy grown less warming,

Next morn he thinks the bride less charming :

He says, nay swears, “ My wife grows old in

55

“ One single month ; ” then falls to scolding :

“ What, Madam ! gadding ev'ry day ?

“ Up to your room ; there stitch or pray ! ”

Such proves the marriage-state ! but for all

These truths you'll wed, and scorn the moral.

60



TO A
GENTLEMAN OF SEVENTY,
WHO MARRIED A LADY OF SIXTEEN*.

WHAT woes must such unequal union bring,
When hoary Winter weds the youthful Spring?
You, like Mezentius†, in the nuptial bed
Once more unite the living and the dead.

4

* It was printed in the first edition of his poems, 1727.

† "The living and the dead at his command

"Were coupled face to face and hand to hand."

Dryden's Virg. Æn. ii



PARAPHRASES.

HABBAKKUK

CHAP. III. PARAPHRASED.

An Ode written in 1710, as an Exercise at St. John's College in Cambridge.

WHEN, in a glorious terrible array,
From Paran's tow'ring height th' Almighty took
Borne on a cherub's wings he rode, [his way,
Intolerable day proclaim'd the God ;
No earthly cloud
Could his effulgent brightness shroud ;
Glory, and Majesty, and Power,
March'd in a dreadful pomp before ;
Behind a grim and meagre train,
Pining Sickness, frantic Pain, 10
Stalk'd wildly on ! with all the dismal band
Which heaven in anger sends to scourge a guilty land.

With terror cloth'd, he downward flew,
And wither'd half the nations with a view ;
Thro' half the nations of th' astonish'd earth 15
He scatter'd war, and plagues, and dearth !
And, when he spokē,
The everlasting hills from their foundations shook ;
The trembling mountains, by a lowly nod,
With reverence struck, confess'd the God. 20
On Sion's holy hill he took his stand,
Grasping omnipotence in his right hand ;
Then mighty earthquakes rock'd the ground,
And the sun darken'd as he frown'd.
He dealt affliction from his van, 25
And wild confusion from his rear,
They thro' the tents of Cushan ran,
The tents of Cushan quak'd with fear,
And Midian trembled with despair.
I see his sword wave naked in the air ;* 30

VARIATION.

- * I see his sword wave with redoubled ire
Ah ! has it set the very clouds on fire ?
The clouds burst down in deluges of show'rs,
Fierce lightning flames, vindictive thunder roars.

It sheds around a baleful ray ;
The rains pour down, the lightnings play,
And on their wings vindictive thunders bear.

When thro' the mighty flood
He led the murm'ring crowd,
What ail'd the rivers that they backward fled ?
Why was the mighty flood afraid ?

35

March'd he against the rivers ? or was he,
Thou mighty flood ! displeased at thee ?
The flood beheld from far

40

The Deity in all his equipage of war ;
And lo ! at once it bursts, in diverse falls
On either hand ! it swells in crystal walls !
Th' eternal rocks disclose ! the tossing waves
Rush in loud thunder from a thousand caves !

45

Why tremble ye, O Faithless ! to behold
The opening deeps their gulfs unfold ?
Enter the dreadful chasms ! 'tis God who guides
Your wondrous way ! the God who rules the tides !
And lo ! they march amid the deaf'ning roar
Of tumbling seas ! they mount the adverse shore !

50

Advance, ye chosen tribes ! Arabia's sands,
Lonely uncomfortable lands,
Void of fountain, void of rain,

Oppose their burning coasts in vain !

55

See the great Prophet stand

Waving his wonder-working wand !

He strikes the stubborn rock, and lo !

The stubborn rock feels the Almighty blow !

His stony entrails burst, and rushing torrents flow !

Then did the Sun his fiery couriers stay,*

61

And backward held the falling day ;

VARIATION.

- * Ah ! what new scenes unfold, what voice I hear !
Sun ! stand thou still ; thou, Moon ! thy course forbear.
Ah !-----Sun ! thy wheels obedient stay,
Doubling the splendours of the wondrous day ;
The nimble-footed minutes cease to run,
And urge the lazy hours on ;
Time hangs his unexpanded wings,
And all the secret springs
That carry on the year
Stopt in their full career :

The nimble-footed Minutes ceas'd to run,
 And urge the lazy Hours on :
 Time hung his unexpanded wings,
 And all the secret springs
 That carry on the year
 Stopt in their full career :
 Then the astonish'd moon
 Forgot her going down,
 And paler grew
 The dismal scene to view,
 How thro' the trembling Pagan nation
 Th' Almighty ruin dealt and ghastly desolation.

65

70

But why, ah ! why, O Sion ! reigns
 Wide wasting Havock o'er thy plains ?
 Ah me ! destruction is abroad ;
 Vengeance is loose, and wrath from God !
 See ! hosts of spoilers seize their prey !
 See ! Slaughter marks in blood his way !

75

80

See ! how embattled Babylon,
 Like an unruly deluge, rushes on !
 Lo ! the field with millions swarms !
 I hear their shouts, their clashing arms !
 Now the conflicting hosts engage
 With more than mortal rage !—

85

Oh Heaven ! I faint—I die—
 The yielding pow'rs of Israel fly—
 Now banner'd hosts surround the walls
 Of Sion ! now she sinks, she falls—

90

Ah, Sion ! how for thee I mourn !
 What pangs for thee I feel !
 Ah ! how art thou become the Pagan's scorn,
 Lovely unhappy Israel !

A shiv'ring damp invades my heart,
 A trembling horror shoots through ev'ry part ;

95

VARIATION.

At once th' astonish'd moon
 Forgets her going down,
 And paler grows
 To view th' amazing train of woes,
 While thro' the trembling Pagan nation
 Th' Almighty ruin deals and ghastly desolation.

My nodding frame can scarce sustain
 Th' oppressive load I undergo :
 Speechless I sigh ; the envious woe
 Forbids the very pleasure to complain ; 100
 Forbids my fault'ring tongue to tell
 What pangs for thee I feel,
 Lovely, unhappy Israel !

Yet tho' the fig-tree should no burden bear,
 Tho' vines delude the promise of the year ; 105
 Yet tho' the olive should not yield her oil,
 Nor the parch'd glebe reward the peasant's toil ;
 Tho' the tir'd ox beneath his labours fall,
 And herds in millions perish from the stall ;
 Yet shall my grateful strings 110
 For ever praise thy name,
 For ever thee proclaim,
 Thee, everlasting God ! the mighty King of kings ! 113

PART OF THE
 XXXVIII. AND XXXIX. CHAPS. OF JOB

PARAPHRASED.

NOW From the splendor of his bright abode
 On wings of all the winds th' Almighty rode,
 And the loud voice of thunder spoke the God.
 Cherubs and seraphs from celestial bow'rs,
 Ten thousand thousand bright ethereal pow'rs, 5
 Ministrant round their radiant files unfold,
 Arm'd in eternal adamant and gold !
 Whirlwinds and thundrous storms his chariot drew
 Tween worlds and worlds, triumphant as it flew :
 He stretch'd his dark pavilion o'er the floods, 10
 Bade hills subside, and rein'd th' obedient clouds,
 Then from his awful gloom the Godhead spoke,
 And at his voice affrighted Nature shook.

Vain Man ! who boldly with dim reason's ray
 Vies with his God, and rivals his full day ! 15

But tell me now, say how this beauteous frame*
 Of all things from the womb of Nothing came,
 When Nature's Lord, with one Almighty call,
 From no-where rais'd the worlds capacious ball?
 Say if thy hand directs the various rounds 20
 Of the vast earth, and circumscribes the bounds?
 How orbs oppos'd to orbs amid the sky
 In concert move, and dance in harmony?
 What wondrous pillars their foundations bear,
 When hung self-balanc'd in the fluid air? 25
 Why the vast tides sometimes with wanton play
 In shining mazes gently glide away;
 Anon, why swelling with impetuous stores
 Tumultuous tumbling thunder to the shores?
 By thy command does fair Aurora rise, 30
 And gild with purple beams the blushing skies?
 The warbling lark salutes her cheerful ray,
 And welcomes with his song the rising day;
 The rising day ambrosial dew distils,
 Th' ambrosial dew with balmy odour fills 35
 The flow'rs, the flow'rs rejoice, and Nature smiles.
 Why Night, in sable rob'd, as daylight fades,
 O'er half the nations draws her awful shades?
 Now peaceful Nature lies diffus'd in ease,
 A solemn stillness reigns o'er land and seas. 40
 Sleep sheds o'er all his balm! to sleep resign'd
 Birds, beasts, lie hush'd, and busy humankind.†
 No air of breath disturbs the drowsy woods,
 No whispers murmur from the silent floods!
 The moon sheds down a silver-streaming light, 45
 And glads the melancholic face of Night;

VARIATIONS.

* But tell me, Mortal! when th' Almighty said
 Be made, ye worlds! how worlds at once were made?
 When hosts of angels, wrapt in wonder, sung
 His praise, as order from disorder sprung.

† No more the monsters of the desert roar,
 Doubling the terrors of the midnight hour.
 The fowl, the fishes, to repose resign'd,
 All, all lie hush'd, and busy humankind.
 The fainting murmur dies upon the floods,
 And sighing breezes lull the drowsy woods.

Now clouds swift-skimming veil her fully'd ray,
 Now bright she blazes with a fuller day.*
 The stars in order twinkle in the skies,
 And fall in silence, and in silence rise ; 50
 Till, as a giant strong, a bridegroom gay,
 The Sun springs dancing thro' the gates of Day :
 He shakes his dewy locks, and hurls his beams
 O'er the proud hills, and down the glowing streams :
 His fiery couriers bound above the main, 55
 And whirl the car along the ethereal plain :
 The fiery couriers and the car display
 A stream of glory and a flood of day.
 Did e'er thy eye descend into the deep ?
 Or hast thou seen where infant tempests sleep ? 60
 Was e'er the grave or regions of the night
 Yet trod by thee, or open'd to thy sight ?
 Has Death disclos'd to thee her gloomy state,
 The ghastly forms, the various woes, that wait
 In terrible array before her awful gate ? 65
 Know'st thou where darkness bears eternal sway,
 Or where the source of everlasting day ?
 Say, while the driving hail with rushing sound
 Pours from on high and rattles on the ground ?
 Why hover snows, down-wav'ring by degrees, 70
 Shine from the hills, or glitter from the trees ?
 Say, why in lucid drops the balmy rain
 With sparkling gems impearls the spangled plain ?
 Or, gath'ring in the vale, a current flows,
 And on each flow'r a sudden spring bestows ? 75
 Say, why with gentle sighs the ev'ning breeze
 Salutes the flow'rs, or murmurs thro' the trees ?
 Or why loud winds in storms of vengeance fly,
 Howl o'er the main, and thunder in the sky ?
 Say, to what wondrous magazines repair 80
 The viewless beings when serene the air,
 Till, from their dungeons loos'd, they roar aloud,
 Upturn whole oceans, and toss cloud on cloud ;

VARIATION.

* Now bright she blazes, and supplies the day.

While waves encount'ring waves, in mountains driv'n,
Swell to the starry vault, and dash the heaven ? 85
Know'st thou why comets threaten in the air,
Heralds of woe, destruction, and despair,
The plague, the sword, and all the terrors of war ?
On ruddy wings why forked lightning flies,
And rolling thunder grumbles in the skies ? 90
Say, can thy voice, when sultry Sirius reigns,
And suns intensely glowing cleave the plains,
Th' exhausted urns of thirsty springs supply,
And mitigate the fever of the sky ?
Or, when the heavens are charg'd with gloomy clouds,
And half the skies precipitate in floods, 96
Chase the dark horror of the storm away,
Retrain the deluge, and restore the day ?
By thee does Summer deck herself with charms,
Or hoary Winter lock his frozen arms ? 100
Say if thy hand instruct the rose to glow,
Or to the lily give unsully'd snow ;
Teach fruits to knit from blossoms by degrees,
Swell into orbs, and load the bending trees,
Whose various kinds a various hue unfold, 105
With crimson blush, or burnish into gold ?
Say, why the sun arrays with shining dyes
The gaudy bow that gilds the gloomy skies ?
He from his urn pours forth his golden streams,
And humid clouds imbibe the glitt'ring beams ; 110
Sweetly the varying colours fade or rise,
And the vast arch embraces half the skies.
Say, didst thou give the mighty seas their bars,
Fill air with fowl, or light up heaven with stars,
Whose thousand times ten thousand lamps display
A friendly radiance, mingling ray with ray ? 115
Say, canst thou rule the couriers of the sun,
Or lash the lazy sign, Boötes, on ?
Dost thou instruct the eagle how to fly,
To mount the viewless winds, and tow'r the sky ? 120
On sounding pinions borne, he soars, and shrouds
His proud aspiring head among the clouds ;

Strong-pounc'd and fierce he darts upon his prey,
 He sails in triumph thro' the ethereal way,
 Bears on the sun, and basks in open day. 125
 Does the dread king and terror of the wood,
 The lion, from thy hand expect his food?
 Stung with keen hunger from his den he comes,
 Ranges the plains, and o'er the forest roams;
 He snuffs the track of beasts, he fiercely roars,* 130
 Doubling the horrors of the midnight hours;
 With sullen majesty he stalks away,
 And the rocks tremble while he seeks his prey;
 Dreadful he grins! he rends the savage brood
 With unsheath'd paws, and churns the spouting blood.
 Dost thou with thunder arm the gen'rous horse, 136
 Add nervous limbs or swiftness for the course?
 Fleet as the wind, he shoots along the plain,
 And knows no check, nor hears the curbing reign;
 His fiery eye-balls, formidably bright, 140
 Dart a fierce glory and a dreadful light;
 Pleas'd with the clank of arms and trumpets' sound,
 He bounds, and prancing paws the trembling ground;
 He snuffs the promis'd battle from afar,
 Neighs at the captains' shouts and thunder of the war;
 Rous'd with the noble din and martial fight, 146
 He pants with tumults of severe delight;
 His sprightly blood an even course disdains,
 Pours from his heart, and charges in his veins;
 He braves the spear, and mocks the twanging bow,
 Demands the fight, and rushes on the foe, 151

CHAP. XLIII. OF ECCLESIASTICUS

PARAPHRASED.

THE sun that rolls his beamy orb on high,
 Pride of the world, and glory of the sky,
 Illustrious in his course, in bright array
 Marches along the heavens, and scatters day
 O'er earth, and o'er the main, and thro' th' ethereal way.

VARIATION.

* He mocks the beating storms and wintry show'rs,
 Making night hideous as he sternly roars.

He in the morn renews his radiant round, 6
 And warms the fragrant bosom of the ground ;
 But ere the noon of day in fiery gleams
 He darts the glory of his blazing beams :
 Beneath the burnings of his sultry ray 10
 Earth to her centre pierc'd admits the day ;
 Huge vales expand where rivers roll'd before,
 And lessen'd seas contract within their shore.

O Pow'r supreme ! O high above all height !
 Thou gav'st the sun to shine, and thou art light. 15
 Whether he falls or rises in the skies,
 He by thy voice is taught to fall or rise ;
 Swiftly he moves, refulgent in his sphere,
 And measures out the day, the month, and year ;
 He drives the hours along with slower pace, 20
 The minutes rush away, impetuous in their race ;
 He wakes the flow'rs that sleep within the earth,
 And calls the fragrant infants out to birth ;
 The fragrant infants paint th' enamell'd vales,
 And native incense loads the balmy gales ; 25
 The balmy gales the fragrancy convey
 To heaven, and to their God an offering pay.

By thy command, the moon, as daylight fades,
 Lifts her broad circle in the deep'ning shades ;
 Array'd in glory, and enthron'd in light, 30
 She breaks the solemn terrors of the night ;
 Sweetly inconstant in her varying flame,
 She changes still, another, yet the same !
 Now in decrease by slow degrees she shrouds
 Her fading lustre in a veil of clouds ; 35
 Now at increase, her gathering beams display
 A blaze of light, and give a paler day ;
 Ten thousand stars adorn her glitt'ring train,
 Fall when she falls, and rise with her again,
 And o'er the deserts of the sky unfold 40
 Their burning spangles of siderial gold :
 Thro' the wide heavens she moves serenely bright,
 Queen of the gay attendants of the night ;
 Orb above orb in sweet confusion lies,
 And with a bright disorder paints the skies. 45

The Lord of Nature fram'd the show'ry bow,
 Turn'd its gay arch, and bade its colours glow ;
 Its radiant circle compasses the skies,
 And sweetly the rich tinctures faint and rise ;
 It bids the horrors of the storm to cease, 50
 Adorns the clouds, and makes the tempest please.

He, when deep-rolling clouds blot out the day,
 And thund'rous storms a solemn gloom display,
 Pours down a wat'ry deluge from on high,
 And opens all the sluices of the sky ; 55
 High o'er the shores the rushing surge prevails,
 Bursts o'er the plain, and roars along the vales ;
 Dashing abruptly dreadful down it comes,
 Tumbling thro' rocks, and tosses, whirls, and foams ;
 Mean time, from ev'ry region of the sky 60
 Red burning bolts in fork'y vengeance fly ;
 Dreadfully bright o'er seas and earth they glare,
 And bursts of thunder rend th' encumber'd air:
 At once the thunders of th' Almighty sound,
 Heav'n lours, descend the floods, and rocks the ground !

He gives the furious whirlwind wings to fly, 66
 To rend the earth, and wheel along the sky ;
 In circling eddies whirl'd, it roars aloud,
 Drives wave on wave, and dashes cloud on cloud :
 Where'er it moves it lays whole forests low, 70
 And at the blast eternal mountains bow ;
 While tearing up the sands, in drifts they rise,
 And half the deserts mount the burden'd skies.

He, from ærial treasures, downward pours
 Sheets of unsully'd snow in lucid show'rs ; 75
 Flake after flake, thro' air thick-wav'ring flies,
 Till one vast shining waste all Nature lies ;
 Then the proud hills a virgin whiteness shed,
 A dazzling brightness glitters from the mead ;
 The hoary trees reflect a silver show, 80
 And groves beneath the lovely burden bow.

He from loose vapours with an icy chain
 Binds the round hail and moulds the harden'd rain ;
 The stony tempest with a rushing sound
 Beats the firm glebe resulting from the ground ; 85

Swiftly it falls, and as it falls invades
 The rising herb, or breaks the spreading blades ;
 While infant flow'rs that rais'd their bloomy heads,
 Crush'd by its fury, sink into their beds.

When stormy winter from the frozen north 90
 Borne on his icy chariot issues forth,
 The blasted groves their verdant pride resign,
 And billows harden'd into crystal shine :
 Sharp blows the rigour of the piercing winds,
 And the proud floods as with a breast-plate binds ; 95
 Ev'n the proud seas forget in tides to roll
 Beneath the freezings of the northern pole ;
 There waves on waves in solid mountains rise,
 And Alps of ice invade the wond'ring skies,
 While gulfs below and slipp'ry vallies lie, 100
 And with a dreadful brightness pain the eye :
 But if warm winds a warmer air restore,
 And softer breezes bring a genial show'r,
 The genial show'r revives the cheerful plain,
 And the huge hills flow down into the main. 105

When the seas rage and loud the ocean roars,
 When foaming billows lash the sounding shores,
 If he in thunder bid the waves subside,
 The waves obedient sink upon the tide,
 A sudden peace controls the limpid deep, 110
 And the still waters in soft silence sleep :
 Then heaven lets down a golden-streaming ray,
 And all the broad expansion flames with day ;
 In the clear glass the mariners descry
 A sun inverted and a downward sky. 115

They who advent'rous plough the wat'ry way
 The dreadful wonders of the deep survey ;
 Familiar with the storms their sails unbind,
 Tempt the rough blast, and bound before the wind :
 Now high they mount, now shoot into a vale, 120
 Now smooth their course, and scud before the gale.
 There rolling monsters, arm'd in scaly pride,
 Flounce in the billows, and dash round the tide ;
 There huge Leviathan unwieldy moves,
 And thro' the waves a living island roves ; 125

In dreadful pastime terribly he sports,
 And the vast ocean scarce his weight supports ;
 Where'er he turns the hoary deeps divide,
 He breathes a tempest and he spouts a tide !

Thus, Lord ! the wonders of earth, sea, and air,
 Thy boundless wisdom and thy power declare : 131

Thou, high in glory, and in might serene,
 Seest and mov'st all, thyself unmov'd, unseen.
 Should men and angels join in songs to raise
 A grateful tribute equal to thy praise, 135

Yet far thy glory would their praise outshine,
 Tho' men and angels in the song should join :
 For though this earth with skill divine is wrought,
 Above the guess of man or angel's thought,
 Yet in the spacious regions of the skies, 140

New scenes unfold, and worlds on worlds arise :
 There other orbs round other suns advance,
 Float on the air, and run their mystic dance ;
 And yet the pow'r of thy Almighty hand
 Can build another world from ev'ry sand ; 145

And though vain man arraign thy high decree,
 Still this is just ! what is, that ought to be.* 147

* Evidently wrong, but so in edit. 1779. The line is not in edit. 1750.



PASTORALS.

DAPHNIS AND LYCIDAS.

A PASTORAL.

They sing the different success and absence of their Loves.

To the Right Hon. the Lord Viscount Townshend, of Rainham in Norfolk, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, and Principal Secretary of State to his Majesty.

-----“*Sylvæ sunt Consule dignæ.*” *Virg.*

DAPHNIS.

HOW calm the ev'ning! see the falling day.
Gilds ev'ry mountain with a ruddy ray!
In gentle sighs the softly whisp'ring breeze
Salutes the flow'rs, and waves the trembling trees.
Hark! the night-warbler from yon vocal boughs 5
Glads ev'ry valley with melodious woes:
Swift thro' the air her rounds the swallow takes,
Or sportive skims the level of the lakes;
The tim'rous deer, swift-starting as they graze,
Bound off in crowds, then turn again and gaze. 10
See how yon swans, with snowy pride elate,
Arch their high necks and sail along in state!
Thy frisking flocks safe-wand'ring crop the plain,
And the glad season claims a gladsome strain.
Begin—Ye Echoes! listen to the song, 15
And, with its sweetness pleas'd, each note prolong.

LYC. Sing, Muse!—and O, may Townshend deign to
What the Muse sings! to Townshend this is due, [view
Who, carrying with him all the world admires,
From all the world illustriously retires, 20
And calmly wand'ring in his Rainham, roves
By lake, or spring, by thicket, lawn, or groves,
Where verdant hills, or vales, where fountains stray,
Charm ev'ry thought of idle pomp away;
Unenvy'd views the splendid toils of state, 25
In private happy, as in public great.

Thus godlike Scipio, on whose cares reclin'd
The burden and repose of half mankind,

H

Left to the vain their pomp, and calmly stray'd,
 The world forgot beneath the laurel shade ; 30
 Nor longer would be great, but void of strife,
 Clos'd in soft peace his eve of glorious life.

Feed round, my goats ! ye sheep in safety graze ;
 Ye winds ! breathe gently, while I tune my lays.

The joyous spring draws nigh ; ambrosial show'rs
 Unbind the earth, the earth unbinds the flow'rs ; 36
 The flow'rs blow sweet, the daffodils unfold
 The spreading glories of their blooming gold.

DAPH. As the gay hours advance the blossoms shoot,
 The knitting blossoms harden into fruit ; 40
 And as the autumn by degrees ensues,
 The mellowing fruits display their streaky hues.

LYC. When the winds whistle and the tempest roars,
 When foaming billows lash the sounding shores,
 The blooming beauties of the pastures die, 45
 And in gay heaps of fragrant ruin lie. [binds

DAPH. Severe the storms when shudd'ring winter
 The earth ; but winter yields to vernal winds.
 O Love ! thy rigour my whole life deforms ;
 More cold than winter, more severe than storms ! 50

LYC. Sweet is the spring, and gay the summer hours,
 When balmy odours breathe from painted flow'rs ;
 But neither sweet the spring, nor summer gay,
 When she I love, my charmer ! is away.

DAPH. To savage rocks, thro' bleak inclement skies,
 Deaf as those rocks, from me my fair one flies : 56
 O Virgin ! cease to fly ; th' inclement air
 May hurt thy charms—but thou hast charms to spare !

LYC. I love, and ever shall my love remain
 The fairest, kindest virgin of the plain ; 60
 With equal passion her soft bosom glows,
 Feels the sweet pains, and shares the heavenly woes.

DAPH. With a feign'd passion she I love beguiles,
 And gayly false the dear dissembler smiles ;
 But let her still those blest deceits employ, 65
 Still may she feign, and cheat me into joy.

LYC. On yonder bank the yielding nymph reclin'd ;
 Gods ! how transported I and she how kind !

COOKE'S EDITION OF SELECT BRITISH POETS.



BROOME.

Soft I approach'd, and raptur'd with the bliss,
At leisure gaz'd, then stole a silent kiss.

Vide Daphne and Lycidas l. 20. p. 87.

Painted by T. Kirk.

Printed for C. Cooke, Paternoster Row, Aug. 13th 1796.

Engraved by J. Chapman.

There rise, ye flow'rs ! and there your pride display,
There shed your odours where the fair one lay ! 70

DAPH. Once as my fair one in the rosy bow'r
In gentle slumbers pass'd the noontide hour,
Soft I approach'd, and, raptur'd with the bliss,
At leisure gaz'd, then stole a silent kiss.
She wak'd ; when conscious smiles, but ill repress, 75
Spoke no disdain.—Was ever swain so blest !

LYC. With fragrant apples from the bending bough
In sport my charmer gave her swain a blow ;
The fair offender, of my wrath afraid,
Fled till I seiz'd and kiss'd the blooming maid. 80
She smil'd, and vow'd if thus her crimes I pay,
She would offend a thousand times a-day.

DAPH. O'er the steep mountain and the pathless mead
From my embrace the lovely scorner fled,
But stumbling in the flight, by chance she fell : 85
I saw—but what—her lover will not tell.

LYC. From me my fair one fled, dissembling play,
And in the dark conceal'd the wanton lay ;
But laugh'd, and shew'd by the directing sound
She only hid in secret to be found. 90

DAPH. Far hence to happier climes Belinda strays,
But in my breast her lovely image stays :
O to these plains again, bright Nymph ! repair,
Or from my breast far hence thy image bear.

LYC. Come, Delia ! come ; till Delia blest these seats,
Hide me, ye groves, within your dark retreats : 96
In hollow groans, ye winds, around me blow ;
Ye bubbling fountains, murmur to my woe.

DAPH. Where'er Belinda roves, ye Zephirs ! play ;
Where'er she treads, ye flow'rs, adorn the way ; 100
From sultry suns, ye groves, my charmer keep ;
Ye bubbling fountains, murmur to her sleep.

LYC. If streams smooth wand'ring, Delia, yield de-
If the gay rose or lily please thy sight, [light,
Smooth streams here wander, here the roses glow, 105
Here the proud lilies rise to shade thy brow.

DAPH. Aid me, ye Muses, while I loud proclaim
What love inspires, and sing Belinda's name :

Waft it, ye breezes, to the hills around,
And sport, ye echoes, with the fav'ring sound. 110

LYC. Thy name, my Delia, shall improve my song,
The pleasing labour of my ravish'd tongue :
Her name to heaven propitious Zephyrs bear !
And breathe it to her kindred angels there.

DAPH. But see ! the night displays her starry train,
Soft silver dew impearl the glitt'ring plain ; 116
An awful horror fills the gloomy woods,
And bluish mists rise from the smoking floods :
Haste, Daphnis ! * haste to fold thy woolly care ; 119
The deep'ning shades imbrown th' unwholesome air.

A PASTORAL TO A YOUNG LADY,

Upon her leaving and return to the Country.

DAMON.

SAY, while each scene so beautiful appears,
Why heaves thy bosom, and why flow thy tears ?
See from the clouds the spring descends in show'rs,
The painted vallies laugh with rising flow'rs ;
Smooth flow the floods, soft breathe the vernal airs ; 5
The spring, flow'rs, floods, conspire to charm our cares.

FLORUS. But vain the pleasure which the season
The laughing vallies or the painted fields. [yields,
No more, ye floods, in silver mazes flow,
Smile not, ye flow'rs, no more soft breezes blow ! 10
Far, Damon, far from these unhappy groves
The cruel lovely Rosalinda roves.

DAM. Ah ! now I know why late the op'ning buds
Clos'd up their gems, and sicken'd in the woods ;
Why droop'd the lily in her snowy pride, 15
And why the rose withdrew her sweets, and dy'd.
For thee, fair Rosalind ! the op'ning buds
Clos'd up their gems, and sicken'd in the woods ;
For thee the lily shed her snowy pride,
For thee the rose withdrew her sweets, and dy'd. 20

FLOR. See where yon vine in soft embraces weaves
Her wanton ringlets with the myrtles leaves ;

VARIATION,

* Haste, Lycidas ! to fold, &c.

There tun'd sweet Philomel her sprightly lay,
 Both to the rising and the falling day :
 But since fair Rosalind forsook the plains,
 Sweet Philomel no more renews her strains ;
 With sorrow dumb, she disregards her lay,
 Nor greets the rising nor the falling day.

25

DAM. Say, O ye winds, that range the distant skies,
 Now swell'd to tempests by my rising sighs,
 Say, while my Rosalind deserts these shores,
 How Damon dies for whom his soul adores.

30

FLOR. Ye murm'ring fountains, and ye wand'ring
 That visit various lands thro' various roads, [floods,
 Say, when ye find where Rosalind resides,
 Say how my tears increase your swelling tides.

35

DAM. Tell me, I charge you, O ye Sylvan swains,
 Who range the mazy grove or flow'ry plains,
 Beside what fountain, in what breezy bow'r,
 Reclines my charmer in the noontide hour ?

40

FLOR. Soft, I adjure you by the skipping fawns,
 By the fleet roes that bound along the lawns,
 Soft tread, ye virgin-daughters of the grove,
 Nor with your dances wake my sleeping love.

DAM. Return, O virgin ! and if proud disdain
 Arm thy fierce soul, return, enjoy my pain :
 If pleas'd thou view'st a faithful lover's cares,
 Thick rise, ye sighs ! in floods descend, ye tears !

45

FLOR. Return, O virgin ! while in verdant meads
 By springs we sport, or dream on flow'ry beds,
 She weary wanders thro' the desert way,
 The food of wolves, or hungry lions' prey.

50

DAM. Ah ! shield her, heav'n ! your rage, ye beasts,
 Those are not limbs for savages to tear ! [forbear !
 Adieu, ye meads ! with her thro' wilds I go,
 O'er burning sands or everlasting snow ;
 With her I wander thro' the desert way,
 The food of wolves, or hungry lions' prey.

55

FLOR. Come, Rosalind ! before the wintry clouds
 Frown o'er th' aerial vault, and rush in floods ;
 Ere raging storms howl o'er the frozen plains ;
 Thy charms may suffer by the storms or rain.

60

DAM. Come, Rosalind ! O come ! then infant flow'rs
 Shall bloom and smile, and form their charms by yours :
 By you the lily shall her white compose, 65
 Your blush shall add new blushes to the rose ;
 Each flow'ry mead and ev'ry tree shall bud,
 And fuller honours clothe the youthful wood.

FLOR. Yet, ah ! forbear to urge thy homeward way
 While sultry suns infest the glowing day : 70
 The sultry suns thy beauties may impair—
 Yet haste away, for thou art now too fair. [play !

DAM. Hark ! from yon bow'r what airs soft-warbled
 My soul takes wing to meet th' enchanting lay.
 Silence, ye nightingales !—attend the voice ; 75
 While thus it warbles all your songs are noise.

FLOR. See from the bow'r a form majestic moves,
 And smoothly gliding, shines along the groves !
 Say, comes a goddess from the golden spheres ? 79
 A goddess comes, or Rosalind appears ! [day ;

DAM. Shine forth, thou sun ! bright ruler of the
 And where she treads, ye flow'rs, adorn the way :
 Rejoice, ye groves, my heart, dismiss thy cares ;
 My goddess comes ! my Rosalind appears ! 84



ODES.

MELANCHOLY, AN ODE,

Occasioned by the Death of a beloved Daughter, 1723.

A DIEU vain mirth and noisy joys,
Ye gay desires, deluding toys !
Thou, thoughtful Melancholy, deign
To hide me in thy pensive train.

4

If by the fall of murm'ring floods,
Where awful shades imbrown the woods,
Or if where winds in caverns groan
Thou wand'rest silent and alone ;

8

Come, blissful Mourner ! wisely sad,
In sorrow's garb, in sable clad,
Henceforth thou, Care, my hours employ :
Sorrow ! be thou henceforth my joy.

12

By tombs where sullen spirits stalk,
Familiar with the dead I walk,
While to my sighs and groans by turns
From graves the midnight echo mourns.

16

Open thy marble jaws, O tomb !
Thou earth, conceal me in thy womb ;
And you, ye worms ! this frame confound,
Ye brother reptiles of the ground.

20

O life ! frail offspring of a day !
'Tis puff'd with one short gasp away !
Swift as the short-liv'd flow'r it flies :
It springs, it blooms, it fades, it dies !

24

With cries we usher in our birth,
With groans resign our transient breath ;
While round, stern ministers of fate !
Pain, and Disease, and Sorrow, wait,

28

While childhood reigns, the sportive boy
Learns only prettily to toy ;
And while he roves from play to play,
The wanton trifles life away.

32

When to the noon of life we rise,
The man grows elegant in vice;
To glorious guilt in courts he climbs,
Vilely judicious in his crimes.

36

When youth and strength in age are lost,
Man seems already half a ghost;
Wither'd and wan, to earth he bows,
A walking hospital of woes!

40

O happiness! thou empty name!
Say, art thou bought by gold or fame?
What art thou, gold! but shining earth?
Thou, common fame! but common breath?

44

If virtue contradict the voice
Of public fame, applause is noise.
Ev'n victors are by conquest curst:
The bravest warrior is the worst.

48

Look round on all that man below
Idly calls great, and all is show:
All, to the coffin from our birth,
In this vast toyshop of the earth.

52

Come then, O friend of virtuous woe,
With solemn pace, demure, and slow!
Lo! sad and serious I pursue
Thy steps—Adieu, vain world! adieu.

56

THE COY,

AN ODE.

LOVE is a noble, rich repast,
But seldom should the lover taste;
When the kind fair no more restrains,
The glutton surfeits and disdains.

4

To move the nymph he tears bestows;
He vainly sighs, he falsely vows:
The tears deceive, the vows betray;
He conquers, and contemns the prey.

8

Thus Ammon's son with fierce delight
Smil'd at the terrors of the fight;

The thoughts of conquest charm'd his eyes ;
He conquer'd, and he wept the prize.

12

Love, like a prospect, with delight
Sweetly deceives the distant sight,
Where the tir'd travellers survey
O'er hanging rocks a dang'rous way.

16

Ye fair ! that would victorious prove ;
Seem but half kind when most ye love :
Damon pursues if Cælia flies,
But when her love is born, his dies.

20

Had Danae the young, the fair,
Been free and unconfin'd as air ;
Free from the guards and brazen tow'r,
She'd ne'er been worth a golden show'r.

24



IMITATIONS.

PART OF THE TENTH BOOK OF THE ILIADS OF HOMER, IN THE STYLE OF MILTON.

NOW high advanc'd the night ; o'er all the host
Sleep shed his softest balm : restless alone
Atrides lay, and cares revolv'd on cares.

As when with rising vengeance gloomy Jove
Pours down a wat'ry deluge, or in storms 5
Of hail or snow commands the gorey jaws
Of war to roar, thro' all the kindling skies
With flaming wings on lightnings lightnings play ;
So, while Atrides meditates the war,
Sighs after sighs burst from his manly breast, 10
And shake his inmost soul : round o'er the fields
To Troy he turns his eyes, and round beholds
A thousand fires blaze dreadful ! thro' his ears
Passes the direful symphony of war,
Of fife or pipe, and the loud hum of hosts 15
Strikes him dismay'd ; now o'er the Grecian tents
His eyes he rolls ; now from his royal head
Rends the fair curl in sacrifice to Jove,
And his brave heart heaves with imperial woes.

Thus groans the thoughtful king ; at length resolves
To seek the Pylian sage, in wise debate 21
To ripen high designs, and from the sword
Preserve his banded legions. Pale and sad
Uprose the monarch ; instant o'er his breast
A robe he threw, and on his royal feet 25
Glitter'd the embroider'd sandals ; o'er his back
A dreadful ornament, a lion's spoils,
With hideous grace down to his ancles hung ;
Fierce in his hand he grasp'd a glitt'ring spear.

With equal care was Menelaus toss'd ; 30
Sleep from his temples fled : his gen'rous heart
Felt all his people's woes, who in his cause
Stemm'd the proud main, and nobly stood in arms
Confronting death. A leopard's spotted spoils
Terrific clad his limbs ; a brazen helm 35

Beam'd on his head, and in his hand a spear.
 Forth from his tent the royal Spartan strode,
 To wake the king of men: him wak'd he found
 Clasping his polish'd arms: with rising joy
 The heroes meet; the Spartan thus began: 40

“Why thus in arms, my Prince! Send'st thou some
 “To view the Trojan host? alas! I fear [spy

“Left the most dauntless sons of glorious war

“Shrink at the bold design. This task demands

“A soul resolv'd to pass the gloom of night, 45

“And 'midst her legions search the pow'rs of Troy.”

“O Prince!” he cries, “in this disastrous hour

“Greece all our counsel claims; now, now demands

“Our deepest cares. The Pow'r Omnipotent

“Frowns on our arms, but smiles with aspect mild 50

“On Hector's incense. Heavens! what son of fame

“Renown'd in story e'er such deeds achiev'd

“In a whole life as in one glorious day

“This fav'rite of the skies? and yet a man!

“A mortal! born to die! but such his deeds 55

“As future Grecians shall repeat with tears

“To children yet unborn.—But haste, repair

“To Ajax and Idomeneus; we wake

“Ourself the Pylian sage; to keep the guards

“On duty be his care; for o'er the guards 60

“His son presides nocturnal, and in arms

“His great compeer, Meriones the bold.”

“But say,” rejoins the Prince, “these orders borne,

“There shall I stay, or, measuring back the shores,

“To thee return?”—“No more return,” replies

The King of Hosts, “lest treading diff'rent ways 66

“We meet no more; for thro' the camp the ways

“Lie intricate and various; but aloud

“Wake ev'ry Greek to martial fame and arms;

“Teach them to emulate their godlike fires, 70

“And thou a while forget thy royal birth,

“And share a soldier's cares. The proudest king

“Is but exalted dust; and when great Jove

“Call'd us to life, and gave us royal pow'r,

“He gave a sad pre-eminence of woes.” 75

He spoke, and to the tent of Nestor turns
 His step majestic. On his couch he found
 The hoary warrior ; all around him lay
 His arms, the shield, the spears, the radiant helm,
 And scarf of various dye : with these array'd, 80
 The rev'rend father to the field of fame
 Led his bold files ; for with a brave disdain,
 Old as he was, he scorn'd the ease of age.

Sudden the monarch starts, and half uprais'd,
 Thus to the King aloud : “ What art thou ? say. 85
 “ Why in the camp alone ? while others sleep
 “ Why wand'rest thou obscure the midnight hours ?
 “ Seek'st thou some centinel or absent friend ?
 “ Speak instant !—Silent to advance is death.”
 “ O pride of Greece !” the plaintive King returns,
 “ Here in thy tent thou Agamemnon view'st, 91
 “ A prince the most unhappy of mankind :
 “ Woes I endure which none but kings can feel,
 “ Which ne'er will cease until forgot in death :
 “ Pensive I wander thro' the damp of night, 95
 “ Thro' the cold damp of night, distress'd, alone,
 “ And sleep has grown a stranger to my eyes :
 “ The weight of all the war, the load of woes
 “ That presses ev'ry Greek, united falls
 “ On me—the cares of all the host are mine ; 100
 “ Grief discomposes and distracts my thoughts ;
 “ My restless panting heart, as if it strove
 “ To force its prison, beats against my sides ;
 “ My strength is fail'd, and ev'n my feet refuse
 “ To bear so great a load of wretchedness ! 105
 “ But if thy wakeful cares (for o'er thy head
 “ Wakeful the hours glide on) have aught matur'd
 “ Useful, the thought unfold. But rise, my friend !
 “ Visit with me the watches of the night, 109
 “ Lest tir'd they sleep while Troy with all her war
 “ Hangs o'er our tents, and now, perhaps ev'n now,
 “ Arms her proud bands. Arise, my friend ! arise.”
 To whom the Pylian. “ Think not, mighty King !
 “ Jove ratifies vain Hector's haughty views ;

“ A sudden, sad reverse of mighty woes
 “ Waits that audacious victor, when in arms
 “ Dreadful Achilles shines. But now thy steps
 “ Nestor attends : be it our care to wake
 “ Sage Ithacus, and Diomed the brave,
 “ Meges the bold, and in the race renown’d 120
 “ Oilean Ajax : to the ships that guard
 “ Outmost the camp some other speed his way
 “ To raise stern Ajax and the Cretan king.
 “ But love nor rev’rence to the mighty name
 “ Of Menelaus, nor thy wrath, O King ! 125
 “ Shall stop my free rebuke. Sleep is a crime
 “ When Agamemnon wakes ; on him it lies
 “ To share thy martial toils, to court the peers
 “ To act the men : this hour claims all our cares.”
 “ Reserve,” rejoins the king, “ for future hours 130
 “ Thy gen’rous anger. Seems the royal youth
 “ Remiss ? it is not thro’ indolence of soul,
 “ But deference to our pow’r ; for our commands
 “ He waits, and follows when we lead the way.
 “ This night, disdaining rest, his steps he bent 135
 “ To our pavilion : now th’ illustrious peers,
 “ Rais’d at his call, a chosen synod stand
 “ Before the gates. Haste, Nestor, haste away.”
 To whom the sage well pleas’d. “ In such brave
 “ No Greek will envy pow’r. With loyal joy [hands
 “ Subjects obey when men of worth command.” 141
 He added not, but o’er his manly breast
 Flung a rich robe ; beneath his royal feet
 The glitt’ring sandals shone ; a soft large vest,
 Florid with purple wool, his aged limbs 145
 Graceful adorn’d ; tipt with a star of brass,
 A pond’rous lance he grasp’d, and strode away
 To wake sage Ithacus. Aloud his voice
 He rais’d ; his voice was heard, and from his tent
 Instant Ulysses sprung. “ And why,” he cry’d, 150
 “ Why thus abroad in the chill hours of night ?
 “ What new distress invades ?”—“ Forgive my cares,”
 Reply’d the hoary sage ; “ for Greece I wake ;
 “ Greece and her dangers bring me to thy tent :

“ But haste, our wakeful peers in council meet: 155
 “ This, this one night determines flight or war.”
 Swift at the word he seiz’d his ample shield,
 And strode along; and now they bend their way
 To wake the brave Tydides: him they found
 Stretch’d on the earth, array’d in shining arms, 160
 And round his brave companions of the war:
 Their shields sustain’d their heads; erect their spears
 Shot thro’ th’ illumin’d air a streaming ray,
 Keen as Jove’s lightning wing’d athwart the skies.
 Thus slept the chief; beneath him on the ground 165
 A savage bull’s black hide was roll’d, his head
 A splendid carpet bore; the slumb’ring king
 The Pylian gently with these words awakes: 168
 “ Rise, son of Tydeus! ill a whole night’s rest [Troy
 “ Suits with the brave; and sleep’st thou while proud
 “ Hangs o’er our tents, and from yon joining hill
 “ Prepares her war? Awake, my friend, awake.”
 Sudden the chief awoke, and mildly gave 173
 This soft reply: “ O! cruel to thy age,
 “ Thou good old man! ne’er wilt thou, wilt thou cease
 “ To burden age with cares? has Greece no youths
 “ To wake the peers? Unweary’d man! to bear 177
 “ At once the double load of toils and years!”
 “ ’Tis true,” he cry’d, “ my subjects and my sons
 “ Might ease a fire and king; but rest’s a crime 180
 “ When on the edge of fate our country stands:
 “ Ere yet a few hours more have run their course,
 “ Important space! Greece triumphs or Greece falls!
 “ But since an old man’s care thy pity moves,
 “ Haste, gen’rous youth! with speed to council call
 “ Meges the brave, and in the race renown’d 186
 “ Oilean Ajax.”—Straight the chief obey’d,
 Straight o’er his shoulders flung the shaggy spoils
 Of a huge tawny lion; with dire grace
 Down to his feet they hung; fierce in his hand 190
 He grasp’d a glitt’ring spear, and join’d the guards.
 Wakeful in arms they sat, a faithful band!
 As watchful dogs protect the fleecy train
 When the stern lion, furious for his prey,

Rushes thro' crashing woods, and on the fold 195
Springs from some mountain's brow, while mingled
Of men and hounds alarm ; to ev'ry sound [cries
Faithful they turn ; so thro' the gloom of night
They cast their view, and caught each noise of Troy.

Now met th' illustrious synod ; down they sat, 200
Down on a spot of ground unstain'd with blood,
Where vengeful Hector from the slaughter stay'd
His murd'rous arm, when the dark veil of night
Sabled the pole ; to whom thus Nestor spoke :

“ Lives there a son of Fame so nobly brave 205
 “ That Troyward dares to trace the dang’rous way
 “ To seize some straggling foe, or learn what Troy
 “ Now meditates ? to pour the flood of war
 “ Fierce on our fleet, or back within her walls
 “ Lead her proud legions ? O ! what fame would crown
 “ The hero thus triumphant, prais’d o’er earth 211
 “ Above the sons of men ! and what rewards
 “ Should he receive ! from ev’ry grateful peer
 “ A fable ewe and lamb, of highest worth
 “ Memorial, to a brave heroic heart 215
 “ The noblest prize ! and at the social feast
 “ Amongst the great be his the seat of fame.”

Abash'd they sat, and ev'n the brave knew fear.
Not so Tydides; unappall'd he rose,

And nobly spoke : " My soul, O rev'rend Sage ! 220
 " Fires at the bold design ; thro' yon black host
 " Vent'rous I bend my way ; but if his aid
 " Some warrior lend, my courage might arise
 " To nobler heights : the wife by mutual aid
 " Instruct the wife, and brave men fire the brave." 225

Fierce at the word up started from the ground
 “ The stern Ajaces, fierce bold Merion rose,
 “ And Thralymedes, sons of war ; nor sat
 The royal Spartan, nor great Nestor’s heir,
 Nor greater Ithacus ; his manly heart
 Swell’d at the view of fame.—Elate with joy
 Atrides saw ; “ and O thou best of friends !
 “ Brave Diomed !” he cries, “ of all the peers
 “ Chuse thou the valiantest : when merit pleads

“Titles no deference claim: high birth and state 235

“To valour yield; and worth is more than pow’r.”

Thus fearing for his brother spoke the king;
Not long, for Diomed dispels his fears.

“Since free my choice, can I forget my friend,
“The man for wisdom’s various arts renown’d, 240

“The man whose dauntless soul no toil, dismay,

“Ulysses! lov’d by Pallas? thro’ his aid,

“Tho’ thousand fires oppose, a thousand fires

“Oppose in vain; his wisdom points the way.”

“Nor praise nor blame,” the hero straight replies;

“You speak to Greeks, and they Ulysses know. 246

“But haste, swift roll the hours of night; the morn

“Already hastens to display her beams,

“And in the vault of heav’n the stars decay.”

Swift at the word they sheath their manly limbs
Horrid in arms; a two-edg’d sword and shield 151

Nestor’s bold son to stern Tydides gave;

A tough bull’s hide his ample helmet form’d;

No cone adorn’d it, and no plummy crest

Wav’d in the air; a quiver and a bow, 255

And a huge faulchion, great Ulysses bears,

The gift of Merion; on his head an helm

Of leather nodded, firm within, and bound

With many a thong; without, in dreadful rows,

The snowy tusks of a huge savage boar 260

Grinn’d horrible! Thus arm’d, away they stalk

Undaunted. O’er their heads the martial maid

Sends on the right an hern; the ambient gloom

Conceals him from the view, but loud in air

They hear the clangour of his sounding wings: 265

Joyful the prosperous sign Ulysses hail’d,

And thus to Pallas: “Offspring of dread Jove,

“Who hurls the burning bolts, O guardian Pow’r!

“Present in all my toils, who view’st my way

“Where’er I move, now thy celestial aid, 270

“Now, goddess! lend: may deeds this night adorn,

“Deeds that all Troy may weep! may we return

“In safety by thy guidance, heav’nly maid!”

Tydides caught the word; “And O!” he cries,

“ Virgin armipotent ! now grant thy aid
 “ As to my fire. He, by the gulfy flood
 “ Of deep *Æolus*, left th’ embattled bands
 “ Of Greece in arms, and to imperial Thebes
 “ Bore terms of peace : but as from haughty Thebes
 “ Alone he journey’d, deeds, heroic deeds ! 280
 “ His arm achiev’d, for Tydeus was thy care :
 “ Thus guard his offspring, O stern queen of arms !
 “ So shall an heifer on thy altars bleed
 “ Young and untam’d ; to thee her blood I pour, 284
 “ And point her lunar horns with burnish’d gold.”

Thus pray the chiefs, and Pallas hears their pray’r :
 Then like two lions, thro’ the shades of night,
 Dauntless they stride along, and hold their way
 Thro’ blood and mangled limbs, o’er arms and death ;
 Nor pass they far ere the sagacious eye* 290
 Of Ithacus discerns a distant foe

Coasting from Troy, and thus to Diomed :

“ See o’er the plain some Trojan bends this way,
 “ Perhaps to spoil the slain ; or to our host
 “ Comes he a spy ? beyond us o’er the field 295
 “ ’Tis best he pass, then sudden from behind
 “ Rush we precipitant ; but if in flight
 “ His active feet prevail, thy spear employ
 “ To force him on our lines, lest hid in shades,
 “ Thro’ the dusk air, he re-escape to Troy.” 300

Then couching to the ground, ambush’d they lay
 Behind a hill of slain : onward the spy
 Incessant mov’d ; he pass’d, and now arose
 The fierce pursuers. Dolon heard the sound
 Of trampling feet, and panting, list’ning stood. 305
 Now reach’d the chiefs within a jav’lin’s throw,
 Stern foes of Dolon ! swift along the shores
 He wing’d his flight, and swift along the shores
 They still pursu’d ; as when two skilful hounds
 Chase o’er the lawn the hare or bounding roe, 310
 Still from the shelt’ring brake the game they turn,
 Stretch ev’ry nerve, and bear upon the prey ;
 So ran the chiefs, and from the host of Troy

* V. 339.

Turn'd the swift foe : now nigh the fleet they flew,
 Now almost mingled with the guards, when lo ! 315
 The martial Goddess's breath'd heroic flames
 Fierce on Tydides' soul : the hero fear'd
 Lest some bold Greek should interpose a wound,
 And ravish half the glories of the night. 319
 " Furious he shook his lance, and " Stand," he cry'd ;
 " Stand, or thou dy'st ;" then sternly from his arm
 Launch'd the wild spear : wilful the jav'lin err'd,
 But whizzing o'er his shoulder deep in earth
 Stood quiv'ring, and he quaking stopp'd aghast :
 His teeth all chatter'd, and his slack knees knock'd ;
 He seem'd the bloodless image of pale fear. 326
 Panting the spy they seize, who thus with tears
 Abject intreats : " Spare me, O spare !" he cries ;
 " My hoary sire your mercy shall repay,
 " Soon as he hears I draw the vital air, 330
 " With ample wealth, with steel, with brass, with
 To whom Ulysses artfully : " Be bold ; [gold."
 " Far hence the thought of death ; but instant say
 " Why thus alone in the still hours of night,
 " While ev'ry eye is clos'd ? to spoil the slain 335
 " Com'st thou rapacious ? or some nightly spy
 " By Hector sent ? or has thy vent'rous mind
 " Impell'd thee to explore our martial bands ?"
 " By Hector sent, and by rewards undone,"
 Returns the spy, (still as he spoke he shook) 340
 " I come unwilling : the refulgent car
 " He promis'd, and immortal steeds that bear
 " To fight the great Achilles. Thus betray'd,
 " Thro' the dun shades of night I bend my way
 " Unprosp'rous, to explore the tented host 345
 " Of adverse Greece, and learn if now they stand
 " Wakeful on guard, or vanquish'd by our arms,
 " Precipitant desert the shores of Troy."
 To whom with smiles of scorn the sage returns : 349
 " Bold were thy aims, O youth ! but those proud steeds,
 " Restive, disdain the rule of vulgar hands.
 " Scarce ev'n the goddess-born, when the loud din
 " Of battle roars, subdues them, to the rein

“ Reluctant. But this night where Hector sleeps
 “ Faithful disclose; where stand the warrior’s steeds;
 “ Where lie his arms and implements of war; 356
 “ What guards are kept nocturnal. Say what Troy
 “ Now meditates; to pour the tide of fight
 “ Fierce on our fleet, or back within her walls [cries,
 “ Transfer the war?”——“ To these demands,” he
 “ Faithful my tongue shall speak. The peers of Troy
 “ Hector in council meets; round Ilus’ tomb 362
 “ Apart from noise they stand; no guards surround
 “ The spacious host; where thro’ the gloom yon fires
 “ Blaze frequent, Trojans wake to guard their Troy:
 “ Secure th’ auxiliars sleep; no tender cares 366
 “ Of wife or son disturb their calm repose;
 “ Safe sleep their wives and sons on foreign shores.”
 “ But say, apart encamp th’ auxiliar bands,”
 Replies the sage, “ or join the pow’rs of Troy?” 370
 “ Along the sea-beat shores,” returns the spy,
 “ The Leleges and Carians stretch their files;
 “ Near these the Caucons, and Pelasgian train,
 “ And Pæons, dreadful with the battle-bow,
 “ Extended lie; on the Thymbroean plain 375
 “ The Lyfians and the Mysians in array
 “ Spread their deep ranks; there the Mæonian bands,
 “ And Phrygians, range the fiery steeds of war.
 “ But why this nice inquiry? if your way
 “ Vent’rous you bend to search the host of Troy, 380
 “ There, in yon outmost lines, a recent aid,
 “ The Thracians lie, by Rhesus led, whose steeds
 “ Outshine the snow, outfly the winged winds:
 “ With glitt’ring silver plates and radiant gold
 “ His chariot flames; gold forms his dazzling arms,
 “ Arms that may grace a god!—But to your tents
 “ Unhappy me convey; or bound with chains, 387
 “ Fast bound with cruel chains! sad on the shores
 “ Here leave me captive till you safe return,
 “ And witness to the truth my tongue unfolds.” 390
 To whom stern-frowning Diomed replies:
 “ Tho’ every syllable be stamp’d with truth,
 “ Dolon! thou dy’st. Wouldst thou once more ret

“Darkling a spy, or wage, a nobler foe,
 “New war on Greece? Traitor! thou dy’st, nor more
 “New war thou wagest, nor return’st a spy.” 396

He spoke terrific, and as Dolon rais’d
 Suppliant his humble hands, the trenchant blade
 Sheer thro’ his neck descends; the furious blow 399
 Cleaves the tough nerves in twain; down drops the
 And mutters unintelligible sounds. [head,

Straight they despoil the dead; the wolf’s grey hide
 They seize, the helm, the spear, and battle-bow:
 These, as they dropp’d with gore on high in air,
 Ulysses rais’d, and to the martial maid 405

Thus lowly consecrates: “Stern pow’r of War!

“Virgin armipotent! receive these arms;

“Propitious to my vows, thee, Goddess! thee

“Chiefly I call; direct our prosperous way

“To pierce the Thracian tents, to seize the steeds

“Of Rhesus, and the car that flames with gold.” 411

Then fierce o’er broken arms thro’ streams of blood
 They move along; now reach the Thracian bands,
 All hush’d in sleep profound; their shining arms
 Rang’d in three ranks along the plain around, 415
 Illumin’d the dun air: chariot and horse

By every Thracian stood: Rhesus their king

Slept in the centre of the circling bands,

And his proud steeds were rein’d behind his car.

With joy Ulysses thro’ the gloom descry’d 420

The sleeping King; “And lo!” he cries, “the steeds!

“Lo! Diomed, the chief of Thrace, this night

“Describ’d by Dolon. Now, O! now thy strength

“Dauntless exert! loose thou the furious steeds,

“Or while the steeds I loose, with slaughter’ring hands

“Invade the soldiery.” He spoke, and now 426

The queen of arms inflam’d Tydides’ soul

With all her martial fires: his reeking blade

On ev’ry side dealt fate. Low hollow groans

Murmur’d around; blood o’er the crimson field 430

Well’d from the slain. As in his nightly haunts

The surly lion rushes on the fold

Of sheep or goat, and rends th’ unguarded prey,

So he the Thracian bands : twelve by his sword
Lay breathless on the ground : behind him stood 435
Sage Ithacus, and as the warrior flew,
Swift he remov'd the slain, lest the fierce steeds,
Not yet inur'd to blood, should trembling start,
Impatient of the dead. Now o'er the king
He whirls his wrathful blade, now furious gores 440
His heaving chest. He wak'd not, but a dream
By Pallas sent, rose in his anxious thoughts ;
A visionary warrior frowning stood
Fast by his head, and his aerial sword
Plung'd thro' his lab'ring breast. Meanwhile the steeds
The sage unbinds, and instant with his bow 446
Drives thro' the sleeping ranks ; then to his friend
Gave signals of retreat : but nobler deeds
He meditates, to drag the radiant car,
Or lift it thro' the threefold ranks, up-borne 450
High on his shoulders, or with slaughter stain
Th' ensanguin'd field ; when lo ! the martial maid
Down rushes from the battlements of heav'n,
And sudden cries, " Return, brave chief ! return,
" Lest from the skies some guardian pow'r of Troy
" Wrathful descend, and rouse the hostile bands." 456
Thus speaks the warrior queen ; the heav'nly voice
Tydides owns, and mounts the fiery steeds,
Observant of the high command : the bow
Sage Ithacus apply'd, and tow'rd the tents 460
Scourg'd the proud steeds : the steeds flew o'er the plain.



FROM THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF
THE ILIADS OF HOMER,
IN MILTON'S STYLE.

NOW gay Aurora from Tithonus' bed
 Rose in the orient, to proclaim the day
 To gods and men. Down to the Grecian tents
 Saturnian Jove sends Discord, red with blood;
 War in her hand she grasps, ensigns of war. 5
 On brave Ulysses' ship she took her stand,
 The centre of the host, that all might hear
 Her dreadful voice. Her dreadful voice she rais'd;
 Jarring along the rattling shores it ran
 To the fleet's wide extremes; Achilles heard, 10
 And Ajax heard, the sound. With martial fires
 Now ev'ry bosom burns; arms, glorious arms,
 Fierce they demand. The noble Orthian song
 Swells ev'ry heart: no coward thoughts of flight
 Rise in their souls, but blood they breathe and war. 15
 Now by the trench* profound, the charioteers
 Range their proud steeds; now car by car displays
 A direful front; now o'er the trembling field
 Rushes th' embattled foot: noise rends the skies,
 Noise unextinguish'd. Ere the beamy day 20
 Flam'd in th' aerial vault, stretch'd in the van
 Stood the bold infantry: the rushing cars
 Form'd the deep rear in battailous array.
 Now from his heav'ns Jove hurls his burning bolts,
 Hoarse mutt'ring thunders grumble in the sky, 25
 While from the clouds, instead of morning dews,
 Huge drops of blood distain the crimson ground;
 Fatal presage, that in that dreadful day
 The great should bleed, imperial heads lie low!
 Meantime the bands of Troy in proud array 30
 Stand to their arms, and from a rising ground
 Breathe furious war. Here gathering hosts attend
 The tow'ring Hector; there refulgent bands
 Surround Polydamas; Æneas there

Marshals his dauntless files ; nor unemploy'd 35
 Stand Polybus, Agenor great in arms,
 And Acamas, whose frame the gods endow'd
 With more than mortal charms. Fierce in the van
 Stern Hector shines, and shakes his blazing shield,
 As the fierce dog-star with malignant fires 40
 Flames in the front of heaven, then lost in clouds
 Veils his pernicious beams, from rank to rank
 So Hector strode. Now dreadful in the van
 Advanc'd his sun-broad shield ; now to the rear
 Swift rushing disappear'd : his radiant arms 45
 Blaz'd on his limbs, and, bright as Jove's dire bolts,
 Flash'd o'er the field, and lighten'd to the skies.

As toiling reapers, in some spacious field,
 Rang'd in two bands, move adverse, rank on rank,
 Where o'er the tilth the grain in ears of gold 50
 Waves nodding to the breeze, at once they bend,
 At once the copious harvest swells the ground ;
 So rush to battle o'er the dreadful field
 Host against host. They meet, they close, and ranks
 Tumble on ranks. No thoughts appear of flight, 55
 None of dismay. Dubious in even scales
 The battle hangs : not fiercer ravenous wolves
 Dispute the prey. The deathful scene with joy
 Discord, dire parent of tremendous woes !
 Surveys exultant. Of th' immortal train 60
 Discord alone descends, assists alone
 The horrors of the field. In peace the gods
 High in Olympian bowers on radiant thrones
 Lament the woes of man ; but loud complaints
 From ev'ry god arose : Jove favour'd Troy ; 65
 At partial Jove they murmur'd : he, unmov'd,
 All heaven in murmurs heard : apart he sat
 Enthron'd in glory. Down to earth he turn'd
 His steadfast eye, and from his throne survey'd
 The rising tow'rs of Troy, the tented shores, 70
 The blaze of arms, the slayer and the slain.

While with his morning wheels the god of day
 Climb'd up the steep of heaven, with equal rage
 In murd'rous storms the shafts from host to host

Flew adverse, and in equal numbers fell 75
 Promiscuous Greek and Trojan, till the hour
 When the tir'd woodman in the shady vale
 Spreads his penurious meal, when high the sun
 Flames in the zenith, and his finewy arms
 Scarce wield the pond'rous ax, while hunger keen 80
 Admonishes, and nature spent with toil
 Craves due repast—then Greece the ranks of Troy
 With horrid inroad goar'd. Fierce from the van
 Sprung the stern king of men*, and breathing death,
 Where in firm battle Trojans band by band 85
 Embod' d stood, pursu'd his dreadful way :
 His host his step attends. Now glows the war ;
 Horse treads on horse, and man encount'ring man,
 Swells the dire field with death. The plunging steeds
 Beat the firm glebes ; thick dust in rising clouds 90
 Darkens the sky ; indignant o'er the plain
 Atrides stalks ; death ev'ry step attends.
 As when in some huge forest sudden flames
 Rage dreadful, when rough winds assist the blaze,
 From tree to tree the fiery torrent rolls, 95
 And the vast forest sinks with all its groves
 Beneath the burning deluge ; so whole hosts
 Yield to Atrides' arm : car against car
 Rush rattling o'er the field, and thro' the ranks
 Unguided broke, while breathless on the ground 100
 Lay the pale charioteers, in death deform'd
 To their chaste brides sad spectacles of woe,
 Now only grateful to the fowls of air.

Meantime, the care of Jove, great Hector stood
 Secure in scenes of death, in storms of darts, 105
 In slaughter and alarms, in dust and blood.

Still Agamemnon rushing o'er the field
 Leads his bold bands ; whole hosts before him fly :
 Now Illus' tomb they pass, now urge their way
 Close by the fig-tree shade : with shouts the king 110
 Pursues the foe incessant : dust and blood,
 Blood mix'd with dust, disdains his murd'rous hands.

* Agamemnon, v. 148.

As when a lion, in the gloom of night,
 Invades an herd of beeves, o'er all the plains
 Trembling they scatter, furious on the prey 115
 The gen'rous savage flies, and with fierce joy
 Seizes the last, his hungry foaming jaws
 Churn the black blood, and rend the panting prey :
 Thus fled the foe, Atrides thus pursu'd,
 And still the hindmost flew. They from their cars
 Fell headlong, for his javelin, wild for blood, 121
 Rag'd terribly. And now proud Troy had fall'n ;
 But the dread fire of men and gods descends
 Terrific from his heav'ns ! His vengeful hand
 Ten thousand thunders grasps. On Ida's heights 125
 He takes his stand ; it shakes with all its groves
 Beneath the god : the god suspends the war. 127

MONS. MAYNARD IMITATED.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD CORNWALLIS.

WHILE past its noon the lamp of life declines,
 And age my vital flame invades,
 Faint and more faint as it descends it shines,
 And hastes, alas ! to set in shades. 4
 Then some kind pow'r shall guide my ghost to glades
 Where, seated by Elysian springs,
 Fam'd Addison attunes to patriot shades
 His lyre, and Albion's glory sings. 8
 There round majestic shades and heroes' forms
 Will throng, to learn what pilot guides,
 Watchful, Britannia's helm thro' factious storms,
 And curbs the murm'ring rebel tides. 12
 I tell how Townshend treads the glorious path
 That leads the great to deathless fame,
 And dwell at large on spotless English faith,
 While Walpole is the fav'rite theme. 16
 How, nobly rising in their country's cause,
 The steadfast arbiters of right
 Exalt the just and good to guard her laws,
 And call forth merit into light. 20

A loud applause around the echoing coast
Of all the pleas'd Elysium flies.—

“ But, friend, what place had you,” replies some ghost,
“ When merit was the way to rise ? 24

“ What deanery or prebend thine declare ?”
Good Heav'ns ! unable to reply,
How like a stupid idiot I should stare ?
An answer, good my Lord, supply. 28



AN EXPLICATION

OF THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE GODS AND GIANTS.

IT is the opinion of many learned men, that the fable of the Battle between the Gods and the Giants is a physical allegory, invented by the ancients, not only to denote the war between the superior and inferior elements in their original chaos, but in particular to express the nature of the winds enclosed in the bowels of the earth, which, struggling for enlargement, have been supposed to be the causes of earthquakes and other dreadful commotions: but the allegory is not to be confined solely to the winds; the subterraneous fires are likewise denoted by it, which, bursting from the earth (as from *Ætna* and *Vesuvius*) as it were, assault the skies, and war with the superior elements. These are the Titans, that hurl rocks against the Gods; these are the Jupiter and Typhoeus of the Ancients; for Jupiter, in their mythology, constantly represents the superior element. Virgil is scarce more than a true historian in his description of *Ætna*:

Interdum scopulos, avulsaq; viscera montis
Erigit eructans, liquefactaq; saxa sub auras
Cum gemitu glomerat.-----

That poet directly applies these commotions to one of the Giants, who is fabled to have warred with heaven; an argument that he understood that fiction to be a physical allegory.

Fama est, Enceladi semustum fulmine corpus
Urgere mole hac, ingentemq; insuper *Ætnam*
Impositam, ruptis flammam expirare Caminis:
Et, fessum quoties mutat latus, intremere omnem
Murmure Trinactiam. *Æn. iii.*

This interpretation will give great light to the following translation from Hesiod's *Theogony*.

When we read that the earth and the poles shook in the conflict, this we easily solve from the nature of earthquakes, and the violence of lightning and thunder. When rocks and hills are said to be removed by the giants, it is literally true, as appears from the best descrip-

tion of burning mountains. When those monsters are feigned to be buried beneath them, we are to understand that the lodgment of subterraneous fires is in the entrails of mountains, and must be so according to true philosophy; for the internal fires, by a continual rarefaction and expansion of the enclosed air, heave up the ground till it swells into a mountain, or breaks out into fiery eruptions. Thus also, when we read of the structure beneath the earth framed by Neptune, from whence all rivers and fountains rise, we are to have recourse to the opinions of the Ancients, who imagined that not only fountains, but rivers were fed by secret channels from the ocean, that is, from Neptune, the god of it. By the waters that float in the air are meant the vapours exhaled from the seas, &c. which fall in hail, snow, dew, or rain. When Jupiter is said to blast Typhoeus with lightning, we are taught a piece of natural philosophy, viz. that the mines of sulphur lodged in the earth are fired by lightning, which occasions violent eruptions; or, as the fable expresses it, a war between Jupiter and Typhoeus. The allegory further adds, that storms are raised by Typhoeus: and it is a certain truth that from the chasms and vents on the tops of burning mountains, a continual wind issues forth, occasioned by the rarefaction of the enclosed air, which consequently ascends and breaks out with violence. And indeed, the winds were anciently imagined to rise from the earth; hence the poets feigned that Æolus kept them imprisoned in a dungeon, and when he let them out, they caused storms and hurricanes. Thus Virgil:

-----Hic vasto Rex Æolus Antro
Luctantes ventos, Tempestatesque sonoras
Imperio premit.

From this explication the reader will not be surprised when he sees the description of the variety of noises uttered by Typhoeus:

Now bellowing like a savage bull they roar,
Or angry lions, in the midnight hour, &c.

They happily represent the dreadful uproar made by the violence of the fiery eruptions, and the hundred

mouths of the giants mean only the number of the vents through which they issue at one time. It is not difficult to explain why the day and the night are imagined to reside alternately behind Atlas, and why he is feigned to support the heavens. Atlas is an exceeding high mountain, and for that reason is fabled to sustain the spheres; and because such high hills intercept the beams of the sun, the night and the day are said to reside behind them. And thus we still describe the beginning and conclusion of the day, by saying the sun rises above the eastern, or sinks behind the western hills.

Milton has not only made great use of Hesiod's battle of the Gods in his war between the good and bad angels in his *Paradise Lost*, but almost literally translated the foregoing incident;

-----There is a cave
Within the mount of God, fast by his throne,
Where light and darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dislodge, &c.

Homer, in the xxi. book of the *Iliad*, has described a battle between the gods perhaps less successfully than other incidents of his inimitable poem. Hesiod, upon comparison, will be found here, and here only, equal if not superior, to that poet in sublimity. What seems chiefly blameable in Hesiod is his want of variety: almost all his images are drawn from thunder, earthquakes, and conflagrations; which, however noble, offend the reader by a too frequent repetition; whereas Homer abounds with a greater variety, which arises from the greater fertility of his invention.

I will only add that the four cardinal winds, which are said to be of a gentle nature, and to be sent from heaven, are described in that manner to denote the tranquillity of the superior regions; and that when the poet tells us that Jupiter subdued the Titans, and reigned in peace, he means that the superior elements, after their original conflict in the chaos, gained their natural station, and continue in tranquillity; or, in other words, that whatever commotions the inferior elements may occasion in the superior, yet at last they settle into order and harmony.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE BATTLE OF THE GODS AND TITANS.

From the Theogony of Hesiod, with a Description of Tartarus, &c.

—— μάχην δ' ἀμέγαρτον ἔγειραν
Πάντες, &c. Θεογ. 666.

NOW sounds the vault of heav'n with loud alarms,
And gods by gods embattling, rush to arms :
Here stalk the Titans of portentous size,
Burst from their dungeons, and assault the skies ;
And there, unchain'd from Erebus and night, 5
Auxiliar giants,* aid the gods in fight.
An hundred arms each tow'r-like warrior rears,
And stares from fifty heads amid the stars :
The dreadful brotherhood stern frowning stands,
And hurls an hundred rocks from hundred hands :
The Titans rush'd with fury, uncontroll'd ; 11
Gods sunk on gods, or giant, giant roll'd.
Then roar'd the ocean with a dreadful sound,
Heaven shook with all its thrones, and groan'd the
Trembled th' eternal poles at ev'ry stroke, [ground ;
And frightened hell from its foundation shook : 16
Noise, horrid noise, th' aerial region fills,
Rocks dash on rocks, and hills encounter hills ;
Thro' earth, air, heav'n, tumultuous clamours rise,
And shouts of battle thunder in the skies ; 20
'Then Jove omnipotent display'd the god,
And all Olympus trembled as he trod.
He grasps ten thousand thunders in his hand,
Bares his red arm, and wields the forky brand ;
Then aims the bolts, and bids his lightnings play ; 25
They flash, and rend thro' heav'n their flaming way.
Redoubling blow on blow, in wrath he moves,
The sing'd earth groans, and burns with all her groves:

* Ægeon, Cottus, Gyges.

The floods, the billows, boiling, hiss with fires,
 And bick'ring flame, and smould'ring smoke aspires.
 A night of clouds blots out the golden day ; 31
 Full in their eyes the writhen lightnings play :
 Ev'n Chaos burns. Again earth groans, heav'n roars,
 As tumbling downward with its shining tow'rs ;
 Or burst this earth, torn from her central place, 35
 With dire disruption from her deepest base.
 Nor slept the wind ; the wind new horror forms,
 Clouds dash on clouds before the outrageous storms,
 While tearing up the sands, in drifts they rise,
 And half the deserts mount th' encumber'd skies. 40
 At once the tempest bellows, lightnings fly,
 The thunders roar, and clouds involve the sky.
 Stupendous were the deeds of heav'nly might,
 What less, when gods conflicting, cope in fight ?
 Now heav'n its foes with horrid inroad gores, 45
 And flow, and sour, recede the giant pow'rs.
 Here stalks Ægeon, here fierce Gyges moves,
 There Cottus rends up hills with all their groves :
 These hurl'd at once against the Titan bands, 49
 Three hundred mountains from three hundred hands,
 And overshadowing, overwhelming bound
 With chains infrangible beneath the ground.
 Below this earth, far as earth's confines lie,
 Thro' space unmeasur'd from the starry sky,
 Nine days an anvil of enormous weight 55
 Down rushing headlong from th' aerial height
 Scarce reaches earth, thence toss'd in giddy rounds,
 Scarce reaches, in nine days, th' infernal bounds ;
 A wall of iron of stupendous height
 Guards the dire dungeons, black with threefold night ;
 High o'er the horrors of th' eternal shade, 61
 The stedfast base of earth and seas is laid ;
 There, in coercive durance, Jove detains
 The groaning Titans in afflictive chains ;
 A seat of woe, remote from cheerful day, 65
 Thro' gulphs impassable, a boundless way.
 Above these realms a brazen structure stands
 With brazen portals, fram'd by Neptune's hands ;

Thro' chaos to the ocean's base it swells,
 There stern *Ægeon* with his giants dwells, 70
 Fierce guards of Jove, from hence the fountains rise
 That wash the earth, or wander thro' the skies,
 That groaning, murmur thro' the realm of woes,
 Or feed the channels where the ocean flows :
 Collected horrors throng the dire abodes, 75
 Horrid and fell, detested ev'n by gods.
 Enormous gulf, immense the bounds appear,
 Wasteful and void, the journey of a year ;
 Where beating storms, as in wild whirls they fight,
 Toss the pale wand'rer, and retoss thro' night. 80
 The pow'rs immortal, with affright survey
 The hideous chasm, and seal it up from day.

Hence, thro' the vault of heav'n huge *Atlas* rears
 His giant limbs, and props the golden spheres.
 Here sable night and here the beamy day 85
 Lodge and dislodge, alternate in their sway.
 A brazen port the varying pow'rs divides ;
 When day forth issues, here the night resides ;
 And when night veils the skies, obsequious day,
 Re-entering, plunges from the starry way. 90
 She from her lamp, with beaming radiance bright,
 Pours o'er th' expanded earth a flood of light ;
 But night, by sleep attended, rides in shades,
 Brother of death, and all that breathes invades ;
 From her foul womb* they sprung, resistless pow'rs,
 Nurs'd in the horrors of Tartarean bow'rs, 96
 Remote from day, when with her flaming wheels
 She mounts the skies, or paints the western hills.
 With downy footsteps sleep in silence glides
 O'er the wide earth, and o'er the spacious tides, 100
 The friend of life, death unrelenting bears
 An iron heart, and laughs at human cares :
 She makes the mould'ring race of man her prey,
 And ev'n th' immortal pow'rs detest her sway.

Thus fell the Titans, † from the realms above, 105
 Beneath the thunders of almighty Jove ;

* Of night.

† 820.

Then earth, impregnate, felt maternal woes,
 And shook thro' all her frame with teeming throes :
 Hence rose Typhoeus, a gigantic birth,
 A monster sprung from Tartarus and Earth, 110
 A match for gods in might, on high he spreads,
 From his huge trunk, an hundred dragons' heads,
 And, from an hundred mouths, in vengeance flings
 Envenom'd foam, and darts an hundred stings.
 Horror terrific frowns from ev'ry brow, 115
 And like a furnace his red eye-balls glow ;
 Fires dart from ev'ry crest, and, as he turns,
 Keen splendours flash, and all the giant burns.
 Whene'er he speaks, in echoing thunders rise
 An hundred voices, and affright the skies ; 120
 Unutterably fierce, the bright abodes
 Frequent they shake, and terrify the gods :
 Now bellowing, like a savage bull, they roar,
 Or angry lions in the midnight hour ;
 Now yell like furious whelps, or hiss like snakes, 125
 The rocks rebound, and ev'ry mountain shakes :
 He hurl'd defiance 'gainst th' immortal pow'rs,
 And heav'n had seiz'd, with all its shining tow'rs,
 But, at the voice of Jove, from pole to pole
 Red lightnings flash, and raging thunders roll ; 130
 Rattling o'er all th' expansion of the skies,
 Bolt after bolt o'er earth and ocean flies.
 Stern frowns the god amidst the lightnings' blaze,
 Olympus shakes from his eternal base ;
 Trembles the earth ; fierce flame involves the poles,
 Devours the ground, and o'er the billows rolls : 136
 Fires from Typhoeus flash : with dreadful sound
 Storms rattle, thunder rolls, and groans the ground,
 Above, below, the conflagration roars ;
 Ev'n the seas, kindled, burn thro' all their shores : 140
 Deluge of fire, earth rocks her tott'ring coasts,
 And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts ;
 Ev'n the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
 Start at the din that rends the infernal shores ;
 Then, in full wrath, Jove all the god applies, 145
 And all his thunders burst at once the skies,

And rushing gloomy from th' Olympian brow,
 He blasts the giant with th' Almighty blow;
 The giant, tumbling, sinks beneath the wound,
 And with enormous ruin rocks the ground. 150
 Nor yet the lightnings of th' Almighty stay,
 Thro' the sing'd earth they burst their burning way;
 Earth kindling inward, melts in all her caves,
 And hissing, floats with fierce metallic waves;
 As iron fusile from the furnace flows, 155
 Or molten ore with keen effulgence glows,
 When the dire bolts of Jove stern Vulcan frames,
 In burning channels roll the liquid flames.
 Thus melted earth, and Jove from realms on high
 Plung'd the huge giant to the nether sky. 160

Then from Typhoeus sprung the winds that bear
 Storms on their wings, and thunder in the air;
 But from the gods descend, of milder kind,
 The east, the west, the south, and boreal wind:
 These, in soft whispers, breathe a friendly breeze, 165
 Play thro' the groves, or sport upon the seas;
 They fan the sultry air with cooling gales,
 And waft from realm to realm the flying sails;
 The rest in storms of sounding whirlwinds fly,
 Toss the wild waves, and battle in the sky, 170
 Fatal to man, at once all ocean roars,
 And scatter'd navies bulge on distant shores;
 Then thund'ring o'er the earth they rend their way,
 Grass, herb, and flow'r, beneath their rage decay;
 While tow'rs and domes, vain boasts of human trust,
 Torn from their inmost base, are whelm'd in dust. 176

Thus heav'n asserted its eternal reign
 O'er the proud giants and Titanic train;
 And now in peace the gods their Jove obey,
 And all the thrones of heav'n adore his sway. 180



THE LOVE OF JASON AND MEDEA,

FROM APOLLONIUS RHODIUS, B. III. V. 743.

Νῦ μὲν ἔπειτ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἄγειν κνέφας, &c.

Advertisement.

The translator has taken the liberty, in the following version from the Argonautics of Appollonius, as well as in the Story of Talus, to omit whatever has not an immediate relation to the subject, yet hopes that a due connexion is not wanting; and that the reader will not be displeased with these short sketches from a poet who is affirmed to be every where sublime by no less a critic than Longinus, and from whom many verses are borrowed by so great a poet as Virgil.

NOW rising shades a solemn gloom display
 O'er the wide earth, and o'er th' ethereal way;
 All night the sailor marks the Northern Team,
 And golden circlet of Orion's beam;
 A deep repose the weary wand'rer shares, 5
 And the faint watchman sleeps away his cares;
 E'en the fond mother, while all breathless lies
 Her child of love, in slumber seals her eyes:
 No sound of village-dog, no noise, invades
 The death-like silence of the midnight shades. 10
 Alone Medea wakes; to love a prey,
 Restless she rolls, and groans the night away.
 Now the fire-breathing bulls command her cares;
 She thinks on Jason, and for Jason fears:
 In sad review on horrors horrors rise; 15
 Quick beats her heart; from thought to thought she
 As from replenish'd urns with dubious ray [flies:
 The sunbeams dancing from the surface play,
 Now here now there the trembling radiance falls,
 Alternate flashing round th' illumin'd walls; 20
 Thus flutt'ring bounds the trembling virgin's blood,
 And from her shining eyes descends a flood.
 Now raving with resistless flames she glows,
 Now sick with love, she melts with softer woes:
 The tyrant god, of ev'ry thought possess, 25
 Beats in each pulse, and stings and rack her breast.

Now she resolves the magic to betray
 To tame the bulls, now yield him up a prey.
 Again the drugs disdaining to supply,
 She loathes the light, and meditates to die : 30
 Anon repelling with a brave disdain
 The coward thought, she nourishes the pain.
 Thus tost, retost, with furious storms of cares
 On the cold ground she rolls, and thus with tears :
 “ Ah me! where’er I turn before my eyes 35
 “ A dreadful view : on sorrows sorrows rise!
 “ Toss’d in a giddy whirl of strong desire,
 “ I glow, I burn, yet bless the pleasing fire!
 “ O had this spirit from its prison fled,
 “ By Dian sent to wander with the dead, 40
 “ Ere the proud Grecians view’d the Colchian skies,
 “ Ere Jason, lovely Jason! met these eyes.
 “ Hell gave a shining mischief to our coast;
 “ Medea saw him, and Medea’s lost.—
 “ But why these sorrows? if the pow’rs on high 45
 “ His death decree, die, wretched Jason! die.
 “ Shall I elude my fire! my art betray?
 “ Ah me! what words shall purge the guilt away?
 “ But could I yield—O whither must I run
 “ To find the man—whom virtue bids me shun? 50
 “ Shall I, all lost to shame, to Jason fly?
 “ And yet I must—if Jason bleeds I die!
 “ Then, Shame! farewell : adieu for ever, Fame!
 “ Hail, black Disgrace! be fam’d for guilt my name!
 “ Live, Jason! live; enjoy the vital air; 55
 “ Live thro’ my aid, and fly where winds can bear!
 “ But when he flies, ye Poisons! lend your pow’rs!
 “ That day Medea treads th’ infernal shores!
 “ Then, wretched maid! thy lot is endless shame;
 “ Then the proud dames of Colchis blast thy name:
 “ I hear them cry—‘ The false Medea’s dead 61
 “ Thro’ guilty passion for a stranger’s bed;
 “ Medea, careless of her virgin fame,
 “ Preferr’d a stranger to a father’s name!”
 “ O may I rather yield this vital breath 65
 “ Than bear that base dishonour, worse than death!”

Thus wailed the fair, and seized with horrid joy
 Drugs foes to life, and potent to destroy;
 A magazine of death! Again she pours
 From her swoln eye-balls tears in shining show'rs; 70
 With grief insatiate, and with trembling hands,
 All comfortless, the cask of death expands:
 A sudden fear her lab'ring soul invades,
 Struck with the horrors of th' infernal shades:
 She stands deep-musing with a faded brow, 75
 Absorpt in thought, a monument of woe!
 While all the comforts that on life attend,
 The cheerful converse and the faithful friend,
 By thought deep-imag'd in her bosom play,
 Endearing life and charm despair away. 80
 Th' all-cheering suns with sweeter light arise,
 And ev'ry object brightens to her eyes:
 Then from her hand the baneful drugs she throws,
 Consents to live, recover'd from her woes;
 Resolved the magic virtue to betray, 85
 She waits the dawn, and calls the lazy day.
 Time seems to stand, or backward drive his wheels;
 The hours she chides, and eyes the eastern hills.
 At length the dawn with orient beams appears,
 The shades disperse, and man awakes to cares. 90
 Studious to please, her graceful length of hair
 With art she binds, that wanton'd with the air;
 From her soft cheek she wipes the tear away,
 And bids keen lightnings from her eyes to play;
 From limb to limb refreshing unguents pours, 95
 Unguents that breathe of heaven in copious show'rs.
 Her robe she next assumes; bright clasps of gold
 Close to the less'ning waist the robe infold;
 Down from her swelling loins the rest unbound,
 Floats in rich waves redundant o'er the ground: 100
 Last, with a shining veil her cheeks she shades,
 Then swimming smooth along magnificently treads.
 Thus forward moves the fairest of her kind,
 Blind to the future, to the present blind.
 Twelve maids, attendants on her virgin bow'r, 105
 Alike unconscious of the bridal hour,

Join to the car the mules, dire rites to pay ;
 To Hecate's black fane she bends her way :
 A juice she bears whose magic virtue tames
 (Thro' fell Persephone) the rage of flames ; 110
 It gives the hero, strong in matchless might,
 To stand secure of harms in mortal fight ;
 It mocks the sword ; the sword without a wound
 Leaps as from marble shiver'd to the ground :
 She mounts the car* ; nor rode the nymph alone ; 115
 On either side two lovely damsels shone :
 Her hand with skill th' embroider'd rein controls,
 Back fly the streets as swift the chariot rolls.
 Along the wheel-worn road they hold their way,
 The domes retreat, the sinking tow'rs decay. 120
 Bare to the knee succinct a damsel train
 Behind attends, and glitters tow'rd the plain.
 As when her limbs divine Diana laves
 In fair Parnethius, or th' Amnesian waves,
 Sublime in royal state the bounding roes 125
 Whirl her bright car along the mountain brows,
 Swift to her fane, in pomp the goddess moves,
 The nymphs attend that haunt the shady groves,
 Th' Amnesian fount or silver-streaming rills,
 Nymphs of the vales or Oreads of the hills, 130
 The fawning beasts before the goddess play,
 Or trembling, savage adoration pay ;
 Thus on her car sublime the nymph appears,
 The crowd falls back, and as she moves reveres :
 Swift to the fane aloft her course she bends, 135
 The fane she reaches, and to earth descends ;
 Then to her train—" Ah me ! I fear we stray,
 " Misled by Folly to this lonely way !
 " Alas ! should Jason with his Greeks appear,
 " Where should we fly ? I fear, alas ! I fear ! 140
 " No more the Colchian youths and virgin train
 " Haunt the cool shade, or tread in dance the plain.
 " But since alone—with sports beguile the hours ;
 " Come, chaunt the song, or pluck the blooming flow'rs ;
 " Pluck ev'ry sweet to deck your virgin bow'rs ! " 145

Then warbling soft* she lifts her heavenly voice,
 But sick with mighty love, the song is noise :
 She hears from ev'ry note a discord rise,
 Till, pausing, on her tongue the music dies :
 She hates each object, ev'ry face offends 150
 In ev'ry wish her soul to Jason sends ;
 With sharpen'd eyes the distant lawn explores,
 To find the object whom her soul adores :
 At ev'ry whisper of the passing air
 She starts, she turns, and hopes her Jason there. 155
 Again she fondly looks, nor looks in vain ;
 He comes, her Jason shines along the plain !
 As when, emerging from the wat'ry way,
 Refulgent Sirius lifts his golden ray,
 He shines terrific, for his burning breath 160
 Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death ;
 Such to the nymph approaching Jason shows,
 Bright author of unutterable woes !
 Before her eyes a swimming darkness spread,
 Her flush'd cheek glow'd, her very heart was dead ;
 No more her knees their wonted office knew, 166
 Fix'd without motion, as to earth she grew,
 Her train recedes ; the meeting lovers gaze
 In silent wonder and in still amaze :
 As two fair cedars on the mountain's brow, 170
 Pride of the groves ! with roots adjoining grow,
 Erect and motionless the stately trees
 Awhile remain, while sleeps each fanning breeze,
 Till from th' Æolian caves a blast unbound
 Bends their proud tops, and bids their boughs resound ;
 Thus gazing they, till by the breath of love 176
 Strongly at length inspir'd, they speak, they move ;
 With smiles the lovesick virgin he survey'd,
 And fondly thus addressed the blooming maid :
 " Dismiss, my fair, my love, thy virgin fear ; 180
 " 'Tis Jason speaks, no enemy is here.
 " Man, haughty man, is of obdurate kind ;
 " But Jason bears no proud inhuman mind,
 " By gentlest manners, softest arts, refin'd.

- " Whom wouldst thou fly? Stay, lovely virgin, stay!
 " Speak ev'ry thought; far hence be fears away. 186
 " Speak, and be truth in ev'ry accent found!
 " Dread to deceive; we tread on hallow'd ground*.
 " By the stern pow'r who guards this sacred place,
 " By the illustrious authors of thy race; 190
 " By Jove, to whom the stranger's cause belongs,
 " To whom the suppliant, and who feels their wrongs;
 " O guard me, save me, in the needful hour!
 " Without thy aid, thy Jason is no more;
 " To thee a suppliant, in distress I bend, 195
 " To thee a stranger, and who wants a friend!
 " Then, when between us seas and mountains rise,
 " Medea's name shall sound in distant skies;
 " All Greece to thee shall owe her heroes' fates,
 " And bless Medea thro' her hundred states: 200
 " The mother and the wife, who now in vain
 " Roll their sad eyes fast-streaming o'er the main,
 " Shall stay their tears; the mother, and the wife,
 " Shall bless thee for a son's or husband's life!
 " Fair Ariadne, sprung from Minos' bed, 205
 " Sav'd the brave Theseus, and with Theseus fled;
 " Forsook her father, and her native plain,
 " And stemm'd the tumults of the surging main;
 " Yet the stern fire relented, and forgave
 " The maid, whose only crime it was to save; 210
 " E'en the just gods forgave: and now on high
 " A star she shines, and beautifies the sky.
 " What blessings then shall righteous heaven decree
 " For all our heroes sav'd, and sav'd by thee?
 " Heaven gave thee not to kill, so soft an air, 215
 " And Cruelty sure never looked so fair!"

He ceas'd; but left so charming on her ear
 His voice, that list'ning still she seem'd to hear:
 Her eye to earth she bends with modest grace,
 And heaven in smiles is open'd in her face: 220
 A glance she steals, but rosy blushes spread
 O'er her fair cheek, and then she drops her head:

* The Temple of Hecate.

A thousand words at once to speak she tries
In vain—but speaks a thousand with her eyes.
Trembling the shining casket she expands,
Then gives the magic virtue to his hands;
And had the power been granted to convey
Her heart—had given her very heart away.

225

228

L 3



THE STORY OF TALUS,

FROM APPOLLONIUS RHODIUS, BOOK IV. V. 1629.

Ἡμῶ δ' ἡέλιος μὲν ἔδου, ἀνά δ' ἤλυθεν ἄς ἡρ
 Αὔλιος, &c.

The following verses from Appollonius will appear very extravagant, unless we have recourse to their allegorical meaning. Plato in his Minos thus writes: "Talus and Rhadamanthus were the assistants of Minos in the execution of his laws. It was the office of Talus to visit all parts of Crete thrice every year, to enforce them with the utmost severity. The poet alludes to this custom in these words:

*"Pierce guard of Crete! who thrice each year explores
 "The trembling isle, and strides from shores to shores."*

"Talus is fabled to be formed of brass, because the laws which he carried with him on his circuit were engraven upon brazen tables. It is not improbable but the fable of the bursting the vein above the ankle of Talus, by which he died, arose from the manner of punishment practised by him, which was by opening a vein above the ankles of criminals, by which they bled to death."

THE ev'ning star now lifts, as daylight fades,
 His golden circlet in the deep'ning shades:
 Stretch'd at his ease, the weary lab'rer shares
 A sweet forgetfulness of human cares:
 At once in silence sink the sleeping gales, 5
 The mast they * drop, and furl the flagging sails;
 All night, all day, they ply the bending oars
 Tow'rd Carpathus, and reach the rocky shores;
 Thence Crete they view emerging from the main,
 The queen of isles; but Crete they view in vain; 10
 There Talus, whirling with resistless sway
 Rocks sheer uprent, repels them from the bay;
 A giant, sprung from giant race, who took
 Their births from entrails of the stubborn oak;
 Fierce guard of Crete! by Jove assistant giv'n 15
 To legislators † styl'd the sons of heaven:
 To mercy deaf, he thrice each year explores
 The trembling isle, and strides from shores to shores:
 A form of living brass! one part beneath
 Alone he bears, a path to let in death, 20

* Argonauts.

† Minos and Rhadamanthus.

Where o'er the ankle swells the turgid vein,
Soft to the stroke, and sensible of pain.

And now her magic spells * Medea tries,
Bids the red fiends, the dogs of Orcus, rise,
That starting dreadful from th' infernal shade, 25
Ride heaven in storms, and all that breathes invade.
Thrice she applies the power of magic prayer,
Thrice hell-ward bending mutters charms in air;
Then, turning tow'rd the foe, bids mischief fly,
And looks destruction as she points her eye; 30
Then spectres, rising from Tartarean bowers
Howl round in air, or grin along the shores;
While, tearing up whole hills†, the giant throws,
Outrag'ous, rocks on rocks, to crush the foes;
But, frantic as he strides, a sudden wound, 35
Bursts the life vein, and blood o'erspreads the ground;
As from the furnace in a burning flood
Pours molten lead, so pours in streams his blood:
And now he staggers as the spirit flies;
He faints, he sinks, he tumbles, and he dies. 40
As some huge cedar on a mountain's brow
Pierc'd by the steel, expects the final blow,
A while it totters with alternate sway,
Till fresh'ning breezes thro' the branches play, 44
Then, tumbling downward, with a thund'ring sound,
Falls headlong, and o'erspreads a breadth of ground;
So, as the giant falls, the ocean roars,
Outstretch'd he lies, and covers half the shores. 48

* Ver. 1665.

† Ver. 1679.



HORACE, ODE I.

TRANSLATED.

MÆCENAS! whose high lineage springs
 From a long race of ancient kings,
 Patron and friend! thy honour'd name
 At once is my defence and fame.

There are who with fond transport praise
 The chariot thund'ring in the race,
 Where conquest won and palms bestow'd
 Lift the proud mortal to a god.

The man who courts the people's voice,
 And dotes on offices and noise,
 Or they who till the peaceful fields,
 And reap what bounteous Nature yields,
 Unmov'd the merchant's wealth behold,
 Nor hazard happiness for gold;
 Untempted by whole worlds of gain
 To stem the billows of the main.

The merchant, when the storm invades,
 Envies the quiet of the shades;
 But soon relanches from the shore,
 Dreading the crime of being poor.

Some careless waste the mirthful day
 With gen'rous wines and wanton play,
 Indulgent of the genial hour
 By spring, or rill, or shade, or bow'r.

Some hear with joy the clanging jar
 Of trumpets, that alarm to war,
 While matrons tremble at the breath
 That calls their sons to arms and death.

The sportsman, train'd in storms, defies
 The chilling blast and freezing skies:
 Unmindful of his bride, in vain
 Soft Beauty pleads: along the plain
 The stag he chases, or beguiles
 The furious bear into his toils.

For you the blooming ivy* grows,
 Proud to adorn your learned brows;

* Te Doctarum Hedera, &c.

Patron of letters you arise,
Grow to a god, and mount the skies.

Humbly in breezy shades I stray,
Where sylvans dance, and satyrs play,
Contented to advance my claim,
Only o'er men without a name;
Transcribing what the muses sing
Harmonious to the pipe or string.

40

But if indulgently you deign
To rank me with the lyric train,
Aloft the towering muse shall rise
On bolder wings, and gain the skies.

45

48



SIXTEEN ODES OF ANACREON*.

ODE XV. HAPPY LIFE.

THE wealth of Gyges I despise;
 Gems are useless glit'ring toys:
 Gold I leave, and such vain things,
 To the low aim and pride of kings.

Let my hair with unguents flow,
 With rosy garlands crown my brow;
 The present moment I enjoy,
 Doom'd in the next perhaps to die.

Then, while the hour serenely shines
 Toss the gay die, and quaff thy wines;
 But ever, in the genial hour
 To Bacchus the libation pour,
 Lest Death in wrath approach, and cry,
 "Man!—taste no more the cup of joy."

ODE XVI.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY:

SOME sing of Thebes, and some destroy
 In lofty numbers haughty Troy:
 I mourn, alas! in plaintive strains,
 My own captivity and chains.

No navy, rang'd in proud array,
 No foot, no horseman, arm'd to slay,
 My peace alarm! far other foes,
 Far other hosts, create my woes;
 Strange, dang'rous hosts! that ambush'd lie
 In ev'ry bright love-darting eye;
 Such as destroy when beauty arms
 To conquer, dreadful in its charms!

* First published in the Gent. Mag. and afterwards inserted in the translations of Anacreon, published by Mr. Fawkes.

ODE XX.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

THE gods o'er mortals prove their sway,
 And steal them from themselves away;
 Transform'd by their almighty hand,
 Sad Niobe an image stands;
 And Philomel, upborne on wings,
 Thro' air her mournful story sings.

5

Would heav'n, indulgent to my vow,
 The happy change I wish, allow;
 The envy'd mirror I would be,
 That thou might'st always gaze on me;
 And could my naked heart appear,
 Thou'dst see thyself—for thou art there.
 O! were I made thy folding vest,
 That thou might'st clasp me to thy breast!
 Or turn'd into a fount, to lave
 Thy naked beauties in my wave!
 Thy bosom-cincture I would grow,
 To warm thy little hills of snow;
 Thy ointment, in rich fragrant streams
 To wander o'er those beauteous limbs;
 Thy chain of shining pearl—to deck,
 And close embrace thy graceful neck:
 A very scandal I would be
 To tread on—if trod on by thee!

10

15

20

24

ODE XXIV. IMITATED.

ALAS! alas! I see each day
 Steals me from myself away;
 And ev'ry step of life I tread,
 I speed to mingle with the dead.
 How many years are past, my friends,
 I know, and there my knowledge ends:
 How many years are still in store,
 I neither can, nor would explore.
 Then, since the hours incessant fly,
 They all shall find me crown'd with joy.

5

10

To those, my cares I here bequeath,
 Who meanly die for fear of death,
 And daily with assiduous strife
 Contrive to live, accurs'd with life.

Then, Care, begone! I'd dance and play; 15
 Hence, with thy serious face away!
 I'll laugh, and whilst gay wine inflames,
 I'll court the laughter-loving dames,
 And study to resign my breath
 In ecstasy, and smile in death. 20

ODE XXV. IMITATED.

BRING me, O bring the enliv'ning draught,
 Lenient of grief, and anxious thought!
 Then Care retires, ashamed to show
 His downcast eye, and faded brow.
 I banish bus'ness to the great, 5
 To all that curse, yet covet state.

Death hastes amain; then who would run
 To meet what most he strives to shun?
 Or antedate the dreadful day
 By cares, and aid the fiend to slay? 10
 If tears could bribe his dreadful pow'rs,
 I'd weep, and bless the precious show'rs;
 But let our lot be joy or woe.
 Alike he speeds to strike the blow.

Then crown the bowl!—ye Sorrows, fly
 To kill some wretch who wants to die. 16

ODE XXXI.

THE PLEASING FRENZY.

NOW bring, by all the pow'rs divine,
 Bring me a bowl of rosy wine;
 A mighty bowl of wine I crave;
 When wine inspires 'tis sweet to rave.

In frantic rage Alcmaeon drew 5
 His falchion; and his mother slew*:

* Eryphile.

Orestes in a furious mood,
 Raving, shed his mother's blood*.
 Dreadful, sober madmen, they!—
 None, harmless drunkard! none I slay.
 The blood of grapes I only crave;
 I quaff it, and 'tis sweet to rave.

10

Alcides frantic grasp'd his bow,
 His quiver rattled, stor'd with woe:
 Stern Ajax shook his glitt'ring blade,
 And broad his sevenfold shield display'd:
 Dangerous madman! how he drew
 His sword, and hosts in fancy flew!

15

I, peaceful I, no falchion wield;
 I bend no bow, I poise no shield:
 The flow'ry garland crowns my hairs,
 My hand the pow'rful goblet bears;
 The pow'rful goblet, nobly brave,
 I drain, and then 'tis sweet to rave.

20

24

ODE XXXVI.

TALK not to me of pedant rules;
 I leave debates to learned fools,
 Who solemnly in form advise,
 At best impertinently wise.

To me more pleasing precepts give,
 And teach the science how to live;
 To bury in the friendly draught,
 Sorrows that spring from too much thought;
 To learn soft lessons from the fair,
 How life may glide exempt from care.

5

10

Alas! I'm old! I see my head,
 With hoary locks by Time o'erspread;
 Then instant be the goblet brought,
 To make me young—at least in thought.
 Alas! incessant speeds the day
 When I must mix with common clay,
 When I must tread the dismal shore,
 And dream of love and wine no more.

15

18

* Clytemnestra.

ODE XXXVII.

THE SPRING.

SEE, winter's past! the seasons bring
 Soft breezes with returning spring,
 At whose approach the graces wear
 Fresh honours in their flowing hair;
 The raging seas forget to roar, 5
 And, smiling, gently kiss the shore;
 The sportive duck in wanton play
 Now dives, now rises into day;
 The cranes from freezing skies repair,
 And sailing float to warmer air: 10
 Th' enlivening suns in glory rise,
 And gayly dance along the skies.
 The clouds disperse, or if in show'rs
 They fall, 'tis to awake the flow'rs.
 See, verdure clothes the teeming earth, 15
 The olive struggles into birth;
 The swelling grapes adorn the vine,
 And kindly promise future wine:
 Blest juice! already I in thought
 Quaff an imaginary draught. 20

ODE XLVIII.

GAY LIFE.

GIVE me Homer's tuneful lyre,
 Let the sound my breast inspire!
 But with no troublesome delight
 Of arms and heroes slain in fight:
 Let it play no conquests here, 5
 Or conquests only o'er the fair.
 Boy, reach that volume—book divine!
 The statutes of the god of wine!
 He, legislator, statutes draws,
 And I, his judge, enforce his laws, 10
 And, faithful to the weighty trust,
 Compel his vot'ries to be just.

Thus, round the bowl impartial flies
 Till to the sprightly dance we rise :
 We frisk it with a lively bound,
 Charm'd with the lyre's harmonious sound,
 Then pour forth with an heat divine
 Rapturous songs that breathe of wine.

15

18

ODE L.

THE HAPPY EFFECTS OF WINE.

SEE, see, the jolly god appears,
 His hand a mighty goblet bears ;
 With sparkling wine full-charg'd, it flows,
 The sov'reign cure of human woes.
 Wine gives a kind release from care,
 And courage to subdue the fair,
 Instructs the cheerful to advance,
 Harmonious in the sprightly dance.
 Hail, goblet ! rich with gen'rous wines ;
 See, round the verge a vinebranch twines :
 See, how the mimic clusters roll,
 As ready to refill the bowl !

5

10

Wine keeps its happy patients free
 From ev'ry painful malady ;
 Our best physician all the year,
 Thus guarded no disease we fear,
 No troublesome disease of mind,
 Until another year grows kind,
 And loads again the fruitful vine,
 And brings again our health—new wine.

15

20

M 2



ODE LII.

GRAPES OF THE VINTAGE.

IÖ! the vintage now is done,
 And black'ned with th' autumnal fun,
 The grapes gay youths and virgins bear,
 The sweetest product of the year!
 In vats the heav'nly load they lay,
 And swift the damsels trip away;
 The youths alone the winepress tread,
 For wine's by skilful drunkards made:
 Meantime the mirthful song they raise,
 Iö! Bacchus to thy praise;
 And eyeing the blest juice, in thought
 Quaff an imaginary draught.

5

10

Gayly thro' wine the old advance,
 And doubly tremble in the dance:
 In fancy'd youth they chant and play,
 Forgetful that their locks are grey.

15

Thro' wine the youth compleats his loves;
 He haunts the silence of the groves,
 Where stretch'd beneath the embow'ring shade
 He spies some love-inspiring maid;
 On beds of rosy sweets she lies,
 Inviting sleep to close her eyes:
 Fast by her side his limbs he throws,
 Her hand he presses—breathes his vows,
 And cries, "My love! my soul! comply
 "This instant, or, alas! I die."

20

25

In vain the youth persuasion tries;
 In vain her tongue at least denies:
 Then scorning death, thro' dull despair
 He storms th' unwilling willing fair;
 Blessing the grapes that could dispense
 The happy, happy, impudence:

30

32

ODE LIIL.

THE ROSE.

COME, lyrist! tune thy harp, and play
 Responsive to my vocal lay;
 Gently touch it while I sing
 The rose, the glory of the spring.

To heaven the rose in fragrance flies, 5
 The sweetest incense of the skies.

Thee, joy of earth! when vernal hours
 Pour forth a blooming waste of flow'rs,
 The gayly-smiling graces wear
 A trophy in their flowing hair; 10

Thee, Venus, queen of beauty loves,
 And, crown'd with thee, more graceful moves.

In fabled song and tuneful lays,
 Their fav'rite rose the Muses praise.
 To pluck the rose the virgin-train 15
 With blood their pretty fingers stain,
 Nor dread the pointed terrors round
 That threaten and inflict a wound.

See how they wave the charming toy,
 Now kiss, now snuff the fragrant joy! 20

The rose the poets strive to praise,
 And for it would exchange their bays:
 O! ever to the sprightly feast
 Admitted, welcome, pleasing guest!
 But chiefly when the goblet flows, 25
 And rosy wreathes adorn our brows.

Lovely, smiling rose! how sweet
 The object where thy beauties meet!
 Aurora with a blushing ray
 And rosy fingers spreads the day: 30

The graces more enchanting show
 When rosy blushes paint their snow;
 And ev'ry pleas'd beholder seeks
 The rose in Cytherea's cheeks.

When pain afflicts or sickness grieves 35
 Its juice the drooping heart relieves

And, after death, its odours shed
A pleasing fragrance o'er the dead :
And when its with'ring charms decay,
And sinking, fading, die away,
Triumphant, o'er the rage of time
It keeps the fragrance of its prime.

40

Come, lyrist ! join to sing the birth
Of this sweet offspring of the earth.
When Venus from the ocean's bed
Rais'd o'er the waves her lovely head ;
When warlike Pallas sprung from Jove
Tremendous to the pow'rs above,
To grace the world the teeming earth
Gave the fragrant infant birth ;
And " This," she cry'd, " I this ordain
" My fav'rite queen of flow'rs to reign !"

45

50

But first the assembled gods debate
The future wonder to create :
Agreed at length, from heaven they threw
A drop of rich nectareous dew ;
A bramble-stem the drop receives,
And straight the rose adorns the leaves.

55

The gods to Bacchus gave the flow'r,
To grace him in the genial hour.

60



ODE LVI.

GROWN YOUNG.

WHEN sprightly youths my eyes survey
 I too am young and I am gay ;
 In dance my active body swims,
 And sudden pinions lift my limbs.

Haste, crown, Cybæba, crown my brows
 With garlands of the fragrant rose !
 Hence, hoary age !—I now am strong,
 And dance a youth among the young.

Come then, my friends ! the goblet drain ;
 Bless'd juice !—I feel thee in each vein.

See how with active bounds I spring,
 How strong and yet how sweet I sing !

How blest am I, who thus excel
 In pleasing arts of trifling well.

ODE LV.

THE MARK.

THE stately steed expressive bears
 A mark imprinted on his hairs :
 The turban that adorns the brows,
 Of Asia's sons, the Parthian shows ;
 The marks betray the lover's heart
 Deeply engrav'd by Cupid's dart :
 I plainly read them in his eyes
 That looks too foolish or too wise.



ODE LVI.

A LAS! the pow'rs of life decay;
 My hairs are fall'n, or chang'd to grey;
 The smiling bloom and youthful grace
 Is banish'd from my faded face.

Thus man beholds with weeping eyes
 Himself half dead before he dies.

5

For this, and for the grave I fear,
 And pour the never-ceasing tear.

A dreadful prospect strikes my eye;
 I soon must sicken, soon must die;

10

For this the mournful groan I shed,
 I dread—alas! the hour I dread!

What eye can stedfastly survey
 Death and its dark tremendous way?

For soon as Fate has clos'd our eyes
 Man dies—for ever, ever dies!

15

All pale, all senseless, in the urn;
 Never, ah! never to return!

18



ODE LXIV.

TO APOLLO.

ONCE more, not uninspir'd, the string
I waken, and spontaneous sing.

No Pythick laurel-wreath I claim,
That lifts Ambition into fame:

My voice unbidden tunes the lay;
Some god impels, and I obey.

5

Listen, ye grove!—The muse prepares
A sacred song, in Phrygian airs,

Such as the swan expiring sings

Melodious by Cayster's springs,

10

While list'ning winds in silence hear,

And to the gods the music bear.

Celestial muse! attend, and bring
Thy aid, while I thy Phœbus sing:

To Phœbus and the muse belong

15

The laurel, lyre, and Delphic song.

Begin, begin, the lofty strain

How Phœbus lov'd, but lov'd in vain;

How Daphne fled his guilty flame,

And scorn'd a god that offer'd shame.

20

With glorious pride his vows she hears,

And heav'n, indulgent to her pray'rs,

To laurel chang'd the nymph, and gave

Her foliage to reward the brave.

Ah! how on wings of love convey'd

25

He flew to clasp the panting maid!

Now, now, o'ertakes!—but heaven deceives

His hope—he seizes only leaves.

Why fires my raptur'd breast? ah! why?

Ah! whither strives my soul to fly?

30

I feel the pleasing frenzy strong,

Impulsive to some nobler song:

Let, let the wanton fancy play,

But guide it, lest it devious stray.

But oh! in vain, my muse denies

35

Her aid, a slave to lovely eyes.

Suffice it to rehearse the pains
Of bleeding nymphs and dying swains,
Nor dare to wield the shafts of Love
That wound the gods and conquer Jove.

40

I yield ; adieu the lofty strain !
I am Anacreon once again ;
Again the melting song I play
Attemper'd to the vocal lay.

See ! see ! how with attentive ears
The youth imbibe the nectar'd airs,
And quaff, in flow'ry shades reclin'd,
My precepts to regale the mind.

45

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